

FIFTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 19, 1973

TIME

THE PRISONERS RETURN



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The sports car America loved first.



Who should have life insurance—husband or wife? New York Life finds attitudes are changing.

In your great grandfather's day there was no doubt about who needed life insurance. The head of the household, of course. The breadwinner. The man in the family. New York Life issued relatively few policies then on the lives of women.

These attitudes are rapidly changing. Today, most families still begin their life insurance program by insuring the husband. But as they are able, many go further. More parents realize the loss of either would present major financial problems for the family. Life insurance for both makes sense.

Similarly, many career-minded women—mar-

ried and single—are concluding that life insurance has an important place in their financial security. As a result of this new thinking, more than one-quarter of all the policies New York Life issued last year were to women. This year it will be even more.

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CAROL NORTH, TAUBMAN, AMY & JODY

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

FOR there were years of anxiety and uncertainty for the families of American war prisoners. Then, for the lucky ones whose men had survived, the final long days of anticipation. In gathering material for this week's cover story on the returning P.O.W.s, TIME correspondents waited out the difficult hours with a number of the families, while staffers on the other side of the world watched the preparations to care for the first freed servicemen.

In some cases, we had become acquainted with the wives and children months ago. Boston Correspondent Philip Taubman began visiting Carol North and her four daughters in November. He has returned to their Cape Cod home four times since then and sometimes found himself joining hands with the girls while Amy, 11, said grace at dinner, or helping Jody, 15, with her homework.

New York Correspondent Christopher Byron visited Joan Abbott and her seven children in Alloway, N.J. She is studying nursing, and he accompanied her through a hectic day of classes, preparing dinner, chauffeuring children to St. Valentine's Day parties and studying for her courses. We chose the Abbotts to represent the many families who at long last knew that the husband and father was coming home soon. The cover story on the mood and meaning of the long-delayed, long-hoped-for event is the work of Associate Editor Lance Morrow, who has written much about the travail of America during the war.

Correspondents in Asia who sought to cover the actual release and reception of the first group of freed prisoners found themselves grappling with secretive American and Vietnamese officials for hard information. At Clark Air Base in the Philippines, Correspondent Roy Rowan and 167 other newsmen found a cadre of military information officers standing between them and the facts. Rowan spent some of the long wait as a guest lecturer in politics and journalism at the local high school. Photographer Carl Mydans, on assignment for TIME, conducted a quick course in news photography. Eddie Adams, another TIME photographer on the scene, meanwhile set up SWAPS (Styried Writers and Photographers), which is really a branch of his Saigon creation TWAPS (Terrified Writers and Photographers). Adams issued membership cards and T-shirts to all recruits.

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: The Abbott family. Left to right, back row: Dorothy, 14; Joan, 16; Mrs. Abbott; Matthew, 6; Joseph, 13. Front row: Charles, 10; Elizabeth, 10; Daniel, 12. Photo by Ken Regan (Camera 5).

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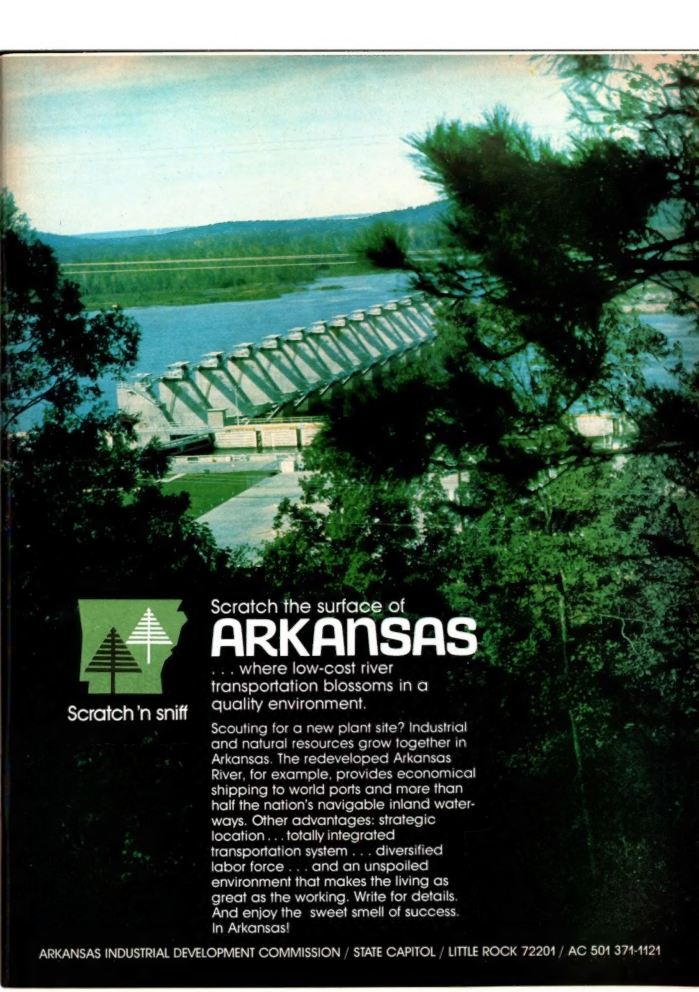
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have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*



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The new Spectrosonic 110-4 AM/FM stereo receiver delivers 44 RMS watts of power, more than any other receiver in its price range. The amplifier section is direct coupled, so there isn't anything between the transistors and the speakers to muddy the sound. The 110-4 also has a sensitive tuner section, complete with FM muting to cut down on that annoying noise between stations when you're tuning. And if you're thinking about going to four-channel sound later there's a front panel switch for a quad-apter and provisions for two sets of speakers. (The walnut case is extra.)

The Garrard 408 automatic record player comes complete with a base and an ADC 220XE diamond elliptical cartridge. You probably know that most budget music systems try to cut corners by including less expensive conical cartridges, but not this one. Because of its shape, the elliptical stylus follows the grooves more closely than a conical stylus can, and your

records will sound better and last longer.

The TransAudio 1010 speaker systems are brand new, and they do a truly remarkable job of reproducing bass all the way down the bass man's scale. You don't often find big ten-inch bass speakers in systems that sell for \$99.90 a pair, and until now it just wasn't possible to put two-way ten-inch speakers in a \$300 stereo system.

If you bought each component separately you'd pay \$219.95 for the receiver, \$60.90 for the record player, and \$99.90 for both speaker systems, for a total of \$380.75. Our \$299.95 system price saves you \$80.80 and includes a five year, no hassle warranty. Money aside, the system sounds just great, as you can hear at any of our stores.

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By the time this child is grown, our nation's work force should total 106 million persons. A net increase of 27 million jobs by 1990.

How will they be created?

***Foreign trade in the 1960's
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One way is through further expansion abroad. The more a company expands abroad the greater its growth in domestic employment.

In the 1960's, U.S. multinational companies increased domestic employment at a higher rate (31.3%) than the national average (12.3%).

Another way to create more jobs here is to increase exports.

Foreign trade generated from 600,000 to 900,000 new jobs for Americans during the 1960's when U.S. multinational companies increased exports by 180% while the national average went up 53.5%.

Thousands of patents are held by U.S. multinational companies. Many, as in our case, originated abroad and are used here to develop new business.

Conversely, many are used abroad—with a portion of the profits from new sales remaining there. This helps create new jobs, new purchasing power, new taxes, new technologies and increased exports.



Some of the profits, of course, accrue here as an important contribution to the U.S. balance of payments.

Restrictions on foreign expansion, on imports and the transfer of technology, and the repeal of tax credits for payment of foreign income taxes, could seriously inhibit multinational companies' contributions to U.S. economic growth.

Restrictions on foreign expansion and repeal of tax credits could inhibit future growth of U.S. economy.

This could reduce earnings, especially those funds for research and development and domestic

expansion—from which spring new products and new jobs. Not to mention increased exports.

So if our nation takes the position that growing companies like ours are today, in effect, exporting jobs—something we would never condone—there may one day be a lot more 18-year-olds than there are jobs for them.

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LETTERS

Tremendous Relief

Sir / I had trouble understanding the emotions I felt on hearing that the Viet Nam conflict was nearing an end [Feb. 5]. I did not feel like breaking out the champagne, but I did feel a tremendous relief. I echo the commentator who said it is not that something wonderful has happened; it is more a feeling that something terrible has finally ended.

KAREN P. OLSEN
Bellingham, Mass.

Sir / Upon learning about the end of the war, I could not help but feel a mixture of anger and shame—shame for all of those years and anger to those who raise champagne glasses in lofty praise of peace. I cannot celebrate.

I can only reflect on what we may have learned and think of all those who paid the price for that wisdom.

DENNIS R. SULLIVAN
Pittsburgh

Sir / At last we have a cease-fire, but an important question still remains unresolved. Where, when and against whom will our vociferous anti-everythings now direct their vituperative "freedom of screech"?

SIMON OTTINGER
New York City

Abortion and the Court

Sir / I weep for the hundreds of thousands of innocent lives to be destroyed as a result of the Supreme Court decision on abortion [Jan. 29]. For the tremendous waste of human resources, and I weep for my children who will live in a society where property is protected by law but human life is denied such protection.

The Viet Nam atrocities end but not the destruction of human life.

(MRS.) ANNA FAUST
Norristown, Pa.

Sir / So, not only is the fetus not truly human, but according to Anthropologist Ashley Montagu, neither is the newborn, until molded by social and cultural influences. Presumably then we may take the life of the newborn any time before this molding is complete. After how much molding? One hour? One week? One year?

ROGER C. SCHIFFLER
Fair Oaks, Calif.

Sir / How misguided the country that prohibits the execution of ruthless murderers, but then allows the murder of the innocent unborn.

DAVID S. MARCONI
Endicott, N.Y.

Sir / Those whom you call abortion foes prefer to be known as pro-life people. Who told you that the Right to Life movement is Catholic-dominated? In Michigan and elsewhere, Lutherans, Christian Reformed, Mormons, Baptists, Presbyterians and others are prominent in this ecumenical movement. As the vice chairman of the Kalamazoo area Right to Life chapter, I can assure you that this Episcopalian is not dominated by the Roman Catholic Church.

(THE REV.) DAVID W. SIMONS
Paw Paw, Mich.

Sir / What torturous anguish and despair women have known for untold years, trying to satisfy church and state and husband and children and their own mental stabil-

2:40

Just lie there and half open one eye

It's warm in bed, it's snug and cozy, you are half-asleep/awake and in the closing chapter of a comforting dream. Is there time enough to let it spin out and sink back into deep slumber again or must you tear yourself loose? Don't! Just lie there, your mate) to find out—see the exact half open one eye and see the ceiling time displayed on the ceiling—digital, of course. That's our CEILING VIEW ALARM CLOCK for you—it really has a better idea. It's neatly styled in lucite and simulated walnut, measures 2 1/2" x 5 1/2" x 6 1/4" and complements any decor. But the really smart thing is that "read-out" on the ceiling—tells you, through closed lids and without ever stirring, what time it is. And if you can't make it quite on your own, there is always that alarm that will get you to work or to the church on time. (110V house current.)



Yes, I need a good alarm clock and hate to jump out of bed or turn on the light to find out what time it is. Send me the Ceiling View Alarm Clock. I'll enclose \$28.95 (\$34.95 plus \$2. for postage) to purchase. I'll please add tax for Calif. delivery. I'll return the clock within two weeks for full refund. I understand that the clock is new (you'll repair or replace defective, of course, and charge only for postage and handling). Master Charge and BankAmericard gladly accepted.

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LETTERS

ity! At last, woman is allowed to take the personal question of abortion directly to her own conscience and to God
(MRS.) LOIS THOMSON
Peoria, Ill.

Sir / No matter how you look at it, abortion is the killing of a living thing. But isn't this a better answer than the lifelong emotional damage that occurs to unwanted, unloved children? Is this not killing also—in torturous slow motion? Should this be chosen over abortion?

The much simpler, ideal solution to the abortion question is reliable, accessible contraception. Since this, as yet, is not a full reality, the freedom to obtain a legal abortion is a choice women should have.

(MRS.) ELIZABETH OVERHOL
Newtown Square, Pa.

The Devil Applauds?

Sir / God is not dead, and neither is the devil, who really must be applauding your cover story, "Sex and Death in Paris" (Jan. 22), as it invades the living rooms and libraries of our so-called Christian nation. If Hollywood insists on wallowing in the mire, need you go and do likewise?

(MRS.) JEAN GRUDEN
Eau Claire, Wis.

Sir / Congratulations on your courageous and objective reporting in the cover story on Marlon Brando and his new movie, *Last Tango in Paris*.

There are those who will support the proliferation of visual reporting of blood, gore, murder and destruction while hypocritically desiring to censor honest portrayal of human sexuality.

Your straightforward discussion of Brando's strikingly controversial movie allows your readers to make an educated judgment as to whether or not they would want to place this offering on their entertainment schedules.

JAY H. LEHR
Columbus

Sir / Oh, goody! Thanks to *Last Tango* being a True Work of Art, with all that great acting and directing, plus psychology, it can be shown in the uptown theaters. Now all of us nice, respectable ladies can have a chance to see a raw porno flick, just like those nasty sex shows that men sneak into down on skid row.

MRS. M. W. DUDLEY
Seattle

Sir / I am "mature, capable of grasping the idea underneath." But I was not fast enough to grasp your TIME magazine away from the hands of my third-, sixth- and seventh-graders who are not "mature, capable of grasping the idea underneath."

(MRS.) JEANNE EKSTROM
Minneapolis

Constant Reminder

Sir / You ask "Oh, Say Can You Still See?" (Jan. 29). Yes, I can see.

For me, and probably for thousands of immigrants who came to the shores of this country in search of freedom, participating in the Pledge of Allegiance or singing the *Star-Spangled Banner* is a constant reminder of gratitude for being able to live in the United States.

WILLIAM D. FERNST
Los Angeles

Sir / Your Essay "Oh, Say Can You Still See?" prompts me to ask that you look to our American-born students, including

Smokers of the best-selling
regular size cigarette:

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RENT-A-WAY
WINNEBAGO

LETTERS

grammar, junior high, high school and college youth, and find how many understand the word pledge. Then give them another challenge—try "allegiance."

As a Cub Scout den leader, I asked these questions and found that none of the sixth-grade Webster Cub Scouts (aged about nine or ten) could define the first, let alone the second. Further discussion with older boys (including a few Eagle Scouts) revealed that somebody forgot to explain to them what it is all about.

Until they can understand the background and historical significance of a salute, or pledge, why complain if young people seem to lack respect?

EARI L. C. SOHL
San Rafael, Calif.

Sir / I will pledge allegiance to the flag and to the republic for which it stands when it becomes one nation, under God, with liberty and justice for all of us.

JAMIE A. MAHAIRAS
Norwell, Mass.

Discriminatory Practices

Sir / Your story "Goals That Look Like Quotas" [Jan. 29] smacks of ignorance. Put simply, the Government hopes to set goals where necessary, that would alleviate past discriminatory practices.

Indeed, "discrimination in reverse" might well be analogous to equal opportunity, since this country must reverse its innumerable discriminatory practices toward minorities in order to reach America's goal of equality for all.

JESSE MARTINEZ
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir / For those of us who long ago welcomed the Fair Employment Practice Committee and all subsequent attempts to guarantee fair access to jobs for blacks and other



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LETTERS

minorities. It is dismaying to find one's own case representative of the failure of the Government to assure their white employees equal consideration for job openings.

I was asked to fill a more responsible job, temporarily and without increased compensation. I agreed, and although I was complimented for my intelligent handling of those new duties, I was told that I would not be considered for the opening since management was trying to find a black for the position. Despite his modest credentials a black was hired. I was asked to train the new employee and then I was to step down and he was to become my superior.

Such an obvious attempt to fill minority quotas is a distortion of the liberal viewpoint that cannot be welcomed even by the minorities, since it is at best only another form of condescension to an intelligent minority member who wants to be considered solely on his ability and his record.

RICHARD HUGG
Philadelphia

Sealed Bid

Sir: I write on behalf of Dr. Armand Hammer and Occidental Petroleum Corp. concerning errors in the article that appeared in your issue of Jan. 29. Through years of association with Occidental as counsel for it and Dr. Hammer, I have become familiar with the material discussed.

The article quotes a White House consultant as saying that Occidental "is not involved" in either of the two proposed natural-gas deals with the USSR. This statement is incorrect. It is commonly known that Occidental is a partner in one of the proposed natural-gas deals referred to in the article.

The suggestion that Occidental obtained its Libyan concession through impropriety is completely untrue and may do grievous injury to it. Occidental's sealed bid was accepted as the best among other sealed bids.

Finally, your abbreviated report on Occidental's financial history may be misleading to some of your readers. Occidental has assets in excess of \$2 billion. Together with its corporate partners, Occidental is and will be able to carry out all of its obligations, including those programs that it intends to consummate with the Soviets.

THOMAS NIZER
New York City

■ **TIME** acknowledges that Occidental is a partner in a proposed natural-gas deal with the Soviets. Further, it did not mean to imply that Occidental did anything illegal in its successful effort to gain the Libyan oil concession.

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Feb. 19, 1973 Vol. 101, No. 8



THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Price of Rebuilding

The most recent debate over the Viet Nam War has centered on whether the U.S. was justified in bombing Hanoi in its attempt to achieve a truce. Now that the truce is here, and now that the budget and the dollar crisis have become urgent news (see *THE ECONOMY*), the debate on Viet Nam has shifted to a new question: should the U.S. spend billions of dollars to help its former enemies? No specific sum has yet been requested, although unofficial estimates have gone as high as \$7.5 billion over the next five years for the reconstruction of all Indochina. Congress is already balking at the idea, so both President Nixon and Secretary of State Rogers have tried to sell the concept as an "investment in peace." Most Americans appear to be caught in the middle, somewhat baffled at the prospect of paying taxes to rebuild what they so recently paid taxes to destroy.

Yet in the final analysis there is hardly room for argument. Lyndon Johnson committed the U.S. to reconstruction back in 1965, and the truce accord makes that commitment binding. The real question is not whether the U.S. will provide aid, but how much will be provided, and in what spirit it will be given—and received.

The Price of Heroism

At his recent press conference, the President honored those soldiers who sacrificed life and limb on the battlefields of Indochina. Just a week later, the Veterans Administration submitted "draft proposals" to Congress that would make a budget cut at the expense of those same war heroes. Veterans Administrator Donald E. Johnson said that the plan would lower payments for disability ratings held less than 20 years. Thus a Viet Nam veteran with a leg amputated at the hip would have his monthly compensation reduced from about \$375 to \$200; a veteran who lost his arm below the elbow would receive about \$175 instead of \$310. Congress, of course, is already preparing to fight the cut if the Administration really presses it, which seems unlikely.

By the VA's own figures, 200,000 veterans stand to lose under the newly proposed scale; yet at the same time the VA plans an increase in the compensation to 325,000 veterans suffering from psychiatric problems, on the theory that disabilities of the mind impair earning capacity more than damage to muscle and bone. The VA may be right, but it would not be easy to determine the extent of—or the cure for—those psychiatric problems. In a sense, the entire nation has suffered some psychic damage because of Viet Nam.

A Cry for Help

Americans sometimes seem almost eager to believe the most dismal stories about themselves, particularly stories of bad Samaritanism, of cries for help going ignored by an alienated citizenry. Last week the Associated Press sent out on its wires a lugubrious tale about a Wyoming motorist who was found in his car by the side of the road, shot dead with his own .22 pistol. His suicide note sounded desperate: "I have been waiting eleven hours for someone to stop. I can't stand the cold any longer and they just keep passing me by." The item was immediately picked up by the press, radio and television stations and exhibited as a thorn in the national conscience. Walter Cronkite saved it for his finale on the evening news. When he came to his usual closing line, "That's the way it is on February 6," he seemed to be saying, "That's the way Americans are."

Well, not quite. With some further checking, police determined that the man's car had stopped only a mile from a gas station, on a chilly but sunny day. Motorists who had passed by the same spot only two hours earlier swore that the car wasn't there. The sheriff's office concluded, "He was off his nut." The amended story was just as sad, but at least it offered a reprieve from the country's verdict on itself.

A Celebration of Men Redeemed

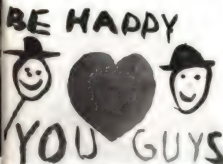
IT represented, in a peculiarly American way, a ritual of resurrection. For the U.S., the war in Viet Nam had gone ambiguously: the nation's longest battle had ended in nothing like glory but in a kind of complex suspension. The nation could at least find its consolation, even its celebration, in the return of the prisoners. Here, at last, was something that the war had always denied—the sense of men redeemed, the satisfaction of something retrieved from the tragedy. The P.O.W.s' return bore a tangi-

release 4,000 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong prisoners over a four-day period. In both North and South, the U.S. captives would be loaded aboard medical-evacuation planes for Clark Air Base in the dusty Luzon plain of the Philippines. At Clark as the release approached, the men inside the Joint Homecoming Reception Center Command Post scanned a bank of clocks reading "Hanoi," "Local," "Hawaii," "Washington D.C.," and "Zulu."—Greenwich mean time. Officers manned hot lines, and prepared to chart every movement of the prisoners from the instant of their arrival. The exercise was worthy of a major offensive, except that now the object was almost extravagantly peaceful.

The U.S. military's planning for the operation had been meticulous and even

and posters made by schoolchildren at the base: WELCOME HOME. WE LOVE YOU. and DO YOU LAUGH INSIDE ALL OVER. The prisoners would be assigned to two- or four-man rooms, unless they require intensive care. The men would be treated as gently and gingerly as possible. The casual treatment had been planned by a battery of experts. Even former Pueblo Commander Lloyd Bucher, a veteran of North Korean jails, was among those waiting at Clark Field.

"When the prisoners came back from World War II," said one doctor at Clark, "we almost killed them with T-bone steaks, ice cream and companionship." The plan this time was to shield the captives from all fanfare and confusion as they emerged from their long limbo. Their diets would be relatively bland for the time being, al-



HOME-BOUND PRISONERS & THEIR FAMILIES: FROM TOP LEFT, LIEUT. COMMANDER WILLIAM TSCHUDY, COLONEL LAWRENCE GUARINOX, SERGEANT ARTHUR BLACK; MIDDLE ROW, CAPTAIN JAMES STOCKDALE, MRS. JAMES STOCKDALE & SONS STANFORD & TAYLOR, MRS. GLENDON PERKINS & DAUGHTER CINDY, MAJOR GLENDON PERKINS, MAJOR MURPHY JONES; BOTTOM, MARTHA HALYBURTON & DAUGHTER DABNEY. WELCOMING POSTERS MADE BY CHILDREN AT CLARK AIR BASE, THE PHILIPPINES



ble finality that the war itself, even in its negotiated resolution, could never offer the U.S. Now the captured Americans, who had been closest to the mystery of the enemy, were extricated, were coming home.

For a time last week, the release of the first prisoners seemed as maddeningly tentative as the Paris talks themselves. Last-minute haggling between Saigon and the Communists delayed the move from day to day. Then at week's end the word was passed through the Pentagon: 115 of the 456 men held in North Viet Nam would be turned over in Hanoi, and 27 of the 120 Americans held in the South would be freed by the Viet Cong at Quan Loi, about 60 miles north of Saigon. As part of the bargain, the South Vietnamese would

loving, in an official way. When the prisoners of war from Korea were released in 1953, they were greeted by an intimidating battery of officers, psychiatrists and reporters; this time the prisoners were to be protected. Each was assigned his own escort, a sort of aide-de-camp, counselor, valet and buddy. Many of the escorts were personal friends of the captives, the others were selected by service, age, rank and background to match their P.O.W.s as closely as possible.

The 270-bed Air Force hospital at Clark, hitherto devoted primarily to the treatment of Viet Nam War casualties, had been elaborately prepared, though in a carefully understated way. The hospital's corridors were lined with gaily colored Valentine's Day decorations



THE NATION

though the hospital was prepared to feed rice and *nuoc mam*, the pungent Vietnamese fish sauce, to any man who might have become addicted to native fare. No champagne or beer toasts are likely for a while; the prisoners had at least 72 hours of medical tests to go through first. Then there would be psychiatric tests and some military debriefings, mostly to extract possible information about the fate of some of the 1,300 Americans still listed as missing in action.

Soon after their arrival, the prison-

ers would make a 15-minute NOK (next of kin) phone call—a joyful if sometimes eerie experience for men long out of touch with their wives, parents, children. Each "returnee" would be measured and fitted for a hand-tailored uniform. Each would be advised of the back pay and benefits he had accumulated while sitting in his Vietnamese cell. In some cases, that meant the sudden accession of modest wealth. One pilot imprisoned for nearly six years has a hefty \$154,000 waiting for him, partly the result of the \$3-a-day bonus

granted for men who are held captive.

Some of the prisoners might require extended medical treatment at Clark, but quite a few would doubtless be ready in three or four days for the next leg of their trip back to normality—the flight to California's Travis Air Force Base. They would go on to military hospitals near their homes, and the first reunions with their families. It would be a normality that would take some getting used to. The average prisoner had been away for four years; some, like Army Major Floyd Thompson and

Mental Movies to Unreel

The first American prisoners of war will be home this week; others must wait a little longer. As families prepare for the happy and difficult reunions to come, TIME Correspondent Christopher Byron visited the home of Air Force Major Joseph Abbott in Alloway, N.J. There Joan Abbott and her seven children, who appear on this week's TIME cover as symbols of a moving national moment, were getting ready for his homecoming. Byron's report:

THERE is a man in this South Jersey farmhouse. He is more remembered than real, his presence captured in random memorabilia—a plastic model of his F-105 fighter plane poised on a living-room shelf, a duffel bag of uniforms at the top of the stairs, a portrait by his wife hung in their bedroom. There are less direct reminders too: a grease-splattered map of Viet Nam on a kitchen wall, a dog-eared volume of an encyclopedia spread open on a table—the subject is Viet Nam.

Each evening at 6 o'clock the man is summoned by prayer to a kitchen table ringed with seven children. They say in unison: "God, please take care of our daddy and bring him home real soon. Thank you for the fruits and vegetables from our garden, and all our family and friends."

The youngest Abbott, Matthew, now six, was born a week before his father shipped out to Thailand in 1966. He knows from his older brother Joseph, 13, and his sisters Joan, 16, and Dorothy, 14, that Daddy made good snowballs, "hard packed ones that wouldn't fly apart in the wind."

Six years have passed. It is a long time in which to keep memories alive through various stages of interest (and lack of interest, for that is the way of even the most loving children). Joan Abbott has done it well, pretty much alone. "Joe and I agreed when we got married that I'd be a real mother—so that's what I'm doing."

Joan and Joe Abbott bought this seven-room house in August 1966, just before Matthew was born. Joe left behind an unfinished project—a willow tree to be planted in the backyard. After he was gone, Joan turned it into a family test of hope. They tried many times to get a willow to take root. The trees kept dying. Finally, two years ago a root took. The omen was, of course, good.

Joan has encouraged the children to write poems, essays, diaries, anything to draw from their young minds the secret thoughts that a father might some day want to share. She tries to spend as many minutes as possible with her youngest child. "In my mind," she explains, "I'm making a mental movie called *Matthew*. When Joe gets home, I'm going to play it for him."

Last spring, when Matthew entered kindergarten, Joan decided to return after 20 years to nursing school. Every day she makes the round trip of 120 miles from Alloway to Philadelphia General Hospital's School of Nursing, attends six to eight hours of classes and returns home to cook, shop, clean, study and mother her seven children.

Despite her busy days, Joan Abbott remembers the first 2½ years after Joe's capture, when he was neither dead nor alive, just M.I.A. She remembers November 1969, when an

CHRISTOPHER BYRON



JOAN ABBOTT & HER SEVEN CHILDREN GATHER ROUND TV

antiwar group brought back a list of prisoners from Hanoi and Joe was recalled to life as a P.O.W. She saw Joe on television then, being paraded before microphones in Hanoi. Most of all, she remembers the whiplash of last fall, when peace was at hand and then suddenly the hand was gone. Before that promise faded again for a while, Joan decided Joe would be home before Christmas. She called the kids together, and after "a conference" they all agreed. Only one present would be bought, "a toolbox with lug wrenches, torque wrenches and all the stuff a person needs to tinker with cars—Joe's favorite pastime."

The kit sits in a closet, a reminder to Joan each time she opens the door that the future is best consumed in daily bites. Of that period, she remembers now, "I felt as if I were a ship being battered on the rocks, the waves dashing over me incessantly. I felt more tired, more worn out, than ever before in my life. I just don't think I could go through it again."

For a while, there was talk about repainting the house. An Army chaplain offered men to help, and Joan was pleased. The Abbotts held a family conference, where twelve-year-old Daniel declared his opposition: "I want Daddy to know that everything that's been done around here was done by us." So the sprucing up has been reduced to whatever the children can manage.

"My principal function is to be a woman to my man."

Navy Lieut. Commander Everett Alvarez, had been gone for more than eight years. There would be a Rip Van Winkle effect, the dislocating experience of time travel to a startlingly changed American culture (see THE ESSAY), to young brides suddenly turning 30 and remembered babies now on the verge of adolescence. To ease the cultural shock, one prisoner's wife arranged for a barber to cut their son's long hair just before they got to see the father at the hospital on his return. Convicts at least have vis-

iting days, have television and newspapers to describe the changing tastes of the society outside. The prisoners' homecoming might be a dazing and sometimes unnerving joy (see box, page 18). The war had wrenched them abruptly, violently, out of their lives, deposited them in an utterly alien world of defenselessness, helplessness. Their road home would be much longer than the flight from Clark to Travis.

The first group to be released included eight American civilians, seven of whom had been working in Viet Nam

for the Agency for International Development. Highest-ranking among them was Foreign Service Officer Douglas Kent Ramsey, 38, who was ambushed and captured while driving in a Jeep in Hau Nghia province in 1966.

Some in the first batch of returnees had acquired a certain celebrity while in captivity. One was Lieut. Commander Everett Alvarez Jr., 35, of San Jose, Calif. Shot down over North Viet Nam on Aug. 5, 1964, he was the North's longest-held captive and became a leader of the prisoners during the long or-



MYRNA BORLING & DAUGHTER LAUREN READING BORLING'S LETTERS



MRS. GALANTI

Joan says, and she pours her own meanings into those words. What about her return to nursing school? Between mouthfuls of oyster stew at the student nurses' cafeteria, she says emphatically, "I'd drop it in a minute. The very minute he gets home."

Phyllis Galanti decided to visit her mother last week in Blackstone, Va. She left her phone number with Lieut. Mike Covington, her Navy casualty assistance officer. On Saturday at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, she was clipping her West Highland terrier Tammy when the phone rang. "Hi, Phyllis," the voice said, "this is Mike. He's on the list to come out in the first bunch."

If all goes well, and the effects of 6½ years of imprisonment do not require hospitalization, Lieut. Commander Paul Galanti, 33, will get to see Phyllis this week. "It's funny," Phyllis said, "but I knew he was coming in that first group. I just felt it in my bones. I'm overjoyed."

Mrs. Galanti, who came from a career Army family and has served since last November as the chairman of the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia, has been getting ready for this week for a long time. When Paul was shot down over Vinh on June 17, 1966, he had been married three years. The Galantis had no children.

She has had only 20 pieces of mail from Paul over the years, some of them just postcards, but she has at least had

some idea of his health and state of mind. She has also seen pictures of her husband, including one that ran on the cover of LIFE in late 1967. It showed Paul sitting on a bench in a large cell beneath a sign that read "Clean & Neat." "He's always been an upbeat, optimistic individual," Phyllis says.

Phyllis went shopping last week in anticipation of her husband's return. She bought herself a light blue dress to wear for the reunion, bottles of the "best French champagne and perfume" and, for a man who used to play a good game of tennis, a Rod Laver tennis sweater. "I've taken it up since he's been gone, and now I hope we can play together."

As soon as Paul is certainly healthy and can leave the hospital, Phyllis hopes they can go off on a vacation together, somewhere quiet and warm. She expects Paul to be lighter than his old 160 lbs., but intends to fatten him up. "His favorite food," says Phyllis, "is a great big juicy hamburger with lots of onions. And milk or a Coke—I bet that's the first thing he's going to ask for."

"I made the man repeat it twice!" bubbled Myrna Borling. "Then I fell apart. I cried, I think. Maybe I spoke a loud prayer. I wanted to run out into the street and just scream—'He's coming home!'"

Myrna Borling, 31, had just learned that Captain John Borling, U.S.A.F., was among the first group of American prisoners to be released on Sunday. Borling was captured in 1966 after his plane was shot down over North Viet Nam. Their daughter Lauren, now seven, was nine months old, and naturally she remembers nothing about her father.

"My life has revolved around Lauren," Mrs. Borling said. "It's going to be hard to revolve it around John. Last Saturday night I went into her room and she wasn't asleep. I asked her what was wrong, and she said, 'I'm afraid of Daddy coming home. I'm afraid of Daddy.' I told her I was afraid of Daddy too. And she said, 'But if I close my eyes, I can see Daddy smiling, and then I'm not afraid any more.'"

For months, in anticipation of the week to come, Myrna Borling has been mulling over the changes in her life. She has prepared for John's return by cleaning the apartment and trying to get all the bills paid. She thought of putting some clothes in drawers for John, "but I decided against it. I don't even know what size to buy."

Lauren also has plans. She has saved three of her just fallen-out teeth, and she wrote to the tooth fairy, telling her not to take the teeth away until her father had seen them. And she has other ideas, too, for when her father returns. "I want him to take me to the park, to take me to Disney World, to teach me how to play bowling and not to spank me like Mommy does."

Lauren's mother is definitely not in a spanking mood. "I just can't imagine," she says. "I feel like I weigh five pounds. It is just a fantastic feeling." After her worries about the problems of reunion, she finds that the certainty of this week (instead of the old "sometime" state that all P.O.W. families have lived in for so long) has changed things. "I'm O.K. now," she says. "The last time I saw John was Dec. 5, 1965. I look back, and it already seems like it never happened. All of it is gone. It doesn't seem like it's been that long. I can't wait to see him."



PAUL GALANTI

THE NATION

deal. His homecoming was destined to be less joyous than he might have hoped. His wife Tangee, whom he married in 1963, got a Mexican divorce in 1970 and remarried. Meantime, his sister Delia became a bitter critic of the war. "It is very important that Everett is coming home," Delia said after learning that he was in the first group. "But so many others are still missing, and the war still goes on."

Also in the group was Air Force Ace Pilot James Robinson ("Robbie") Risner, 47. Winner of the Air Force Cross for heroism in 1965, he appeared on TIME's cover that year as an exemplar of America's fighting men. A few months later, he ejected from his crippled F-105 near Thanh Hoa in North Viet Nam and was captured. He was a colonel then, but would discover this week that he had been promoted to brigadier general.

Navy Captain James Bond Stockdale, one of the highest-ranking Navy P.O.W.s, was also coming out with the first group. After he was shot down in 1965, his wife Sybil, mother of their four sons, became a founder and national coordinator of the National League of Families of P.O.W.s/M.I.A.s.

Lieut. Commander William M. Tschudy, 37, also among the first out of the prisons, was a navigator-bombardier on an A-6 fighter-bomber from the carrier *Independence* shot down on July 18, 1965. His wife Janie and eight-year-old son Michael would be waiting for him when he arrived at Portsmouth, Va., along with his parents. One added satisfaction: Tschudy's A-6 commander, Navy Captain Jeremiah Denton, was also among the first released and would be coming home to Virginia with him.

Gold Pass. Air Force Colonel Lawrence Guarino would be coming out nearly eight years after his capture. He appeared on a British TV film in 1966, stating that he was a prisoner of war and not a war criminal, as the North Vietnamese claimed. Air Force Sergeant Arthur Black, declared missing in September of 1965, was also among the first. So was Air Force Major Murphy Neal Jones, who was taken in 1966 after he bailed out of his F-105. He was paraded through the streets of Hanoi for public inspection and mocked as "Johnson's Peace Disturber" because his knees were knocking together at the time. Another coming home was Air Force Major Glendon Perkins, captured in 1966.

The nation greeted the release with an honest and appropriate pleasure, but also with a few inevitable touches of somewhat exaggerated sentimentality. Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn was quick to offer each returnee a gold lifetime pass to any major-league game. The Ford Motor Co. wanted to give each of the prisoners a new car. There were sure to be other offers, and Pentagon officers sometimes found themselves squirming a bit at the spectacle. President Nixon struck the right note



when he said, "This is a time that we should not grandstand it; we should not exploit it."

There were too many individual dramas, too many complex emotions involved. If it was a war without heroes, many Americans were intent upon making the prisoners fill the role. There was valor there, of course, but there was also simple luck. The prisoners' return was shadowed by the 1,300 men still missing. Moreover, many were professional soldiers. Many had been shot down while they were delivering 500-lb. bombs on unseen victims at the touch of a button. They had obeyed orders, dealt in death and presumably understood the odds and consequences. That they survived—while 45,937 other Americans died—was cause enough for quiet, personal celebration, but not, it may be, for public statues or halftime Super Bowl rhetoric.

No one, of course, would minimize their ordeal. In the weeks ahead, the prisoners' stories will emerge, and they doubtless will be tales of suffering and endurance, bravery, boredom and perhaps sometimes weakness. Only a few of the 35 men previously freed have described what life was like in the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese camps.

Navy Commander Charles Klusmann, 39, was the first American serviceman to be captured in Laos, where the Communists say they still hold seven military prisoners. Klusmann, shot down on a reconnaissance mission in June 1964, was held for 3½ months before he escaped. His experience, though brief, may have been typical of treatment in the earlier stages of the war. After he was captured, Klusmann was marched through villages for the populace to gawk at and scorn. Last week in Atlanta, where he testified before a Governors' committee on veterans' benefits, Klusmann observed: "Returning prisoners really shouldn't be put in parades because they have already had a



lot of people just coming out to look at them like animals."

For two months, then, Klusmann was kept in a single room, allowed out only occasionally to bathe in a stream. He suffered from dysentery and other diseases brought on by a diet that included rats and dog-meat stew. "Your physical state just deteriorates," he said. "I lost 40 pounds." Eventually he slipped into a period of languor: "You get detached from reality. You wonder, is this all a dream? They keep telling you that you were killed when you were shot down and that is what your family was told."

Navy Lieut. Norris Charles, 27, was shot down in 1971, and spent 8½ months in a North Vietnamese camp

before he and two other flyers were released last September. Although released prisoners have been commanded not to discuss life in the camps until all the men are freed, Charles offered some glimpses of the experience in a newspaper interview. He had expected to be beaten by villagers, but he found them oddly kind and curious about him. "Some of them would come in and feel my hair, my Afro," he said, "and the kids would come in and give me cigarettes." The girls giggled when he was ordered to remove his flight suit and revealed that he was wearing red drawers.

to be over in six months." Charles and the others were permitted regular exercise periods, eventually received playing cards and chess sets. "They told us if there was anything we wanted, they would bring it in," Charles said. If isolation and mistreatment were part of the others' stories, Charles and his companions at least had some amenities. "I was able to keep up pretty well with what was happening in the world," he told TIME's Leo Janos last week. "by reading English-language editions of Russian and Chinese newspapers."

Air Force Colonel Norris M. Over-

some in World War I's *Grand Illusion*, the classic movie that chronicles the remnants of chivalry in an otherwise brutal conflict. In the American Revolution, for example, thousands died in British captivity. In Civil War camps like Andersonville, Americans treated other Americans far worse than some foreign enemies have. In Korea, an astonishing 63% of American prisoners—6,451 men—died in enemy hands; the P.O.W.s there endured long frozen marches, wholesale torture tactics and a cruelly systematic program of brainwashing.

The Viet Nam P.O.W.s are in many ways an anomaly. From the start, they were relatively few. Most of them were officers and professional soldiers; they were not the hordes of trench-fighting enlisted men who have often suffered a massive barbarity. In contrast to other wars, Viet Nam's intricacies turned the prisoners into a political and diplomatic as well as a military issue, and their treatment by the enemy seems to have fluctuated, generally for the better, as they assumed their extraordinary symbolic importance.

No Charges. The Korean experience set off a crisis of conscience in the U.S.—a debate that now seems almost quaint. Only 21 out of the 10,218 American captives became turncoats; 192 of the returnees were thought to be collaborators. Yet the episode caused speculation that America's youth had turned physically soft and morally flaccid, a somewhat exaggerated idea considering the suffering involved. The experience led President Dwight Eisenhower to promulgate his six-point Code of Conduct for P.O.W.s, pledging prisoners to keep faith with comrades and country during captivity. Among other things, it said: "I will make no oral or written statements disloyal to my country and its allies or harmful to their cause."

There might yet be recriminations regarding the conduct of today's returning prisoners. Some instances of personal betrayal might eventually surface. But the military was in a distinctly forgiving mood regarding the antiwar broadcasts and statements that some prisoners made during their confinement. The Pentagon announced last week that no charges would be brought against the men for such performances. If the Administration planned to hold draft resisters to the letter of the law, granting no amnesty, it had evidently decided that the prisoners have already suffered enough.

So, too, have their families. Each made its own accommodations—women learned to live with the experience of being neither wives nor widows, and of being both fathers and mothers. Some of them have achieved over the years an independence and autonomy that might even make it difficult for their husbands when they are reunited.

Most of the wives displayed an extraordinary strength, even though the



CAPTIVES' HARDSHIPS: HUMILIATION BY VILLAGERS (TOP LEFT); STAGED "CONFESSIONAL" AT A NEWS CONFERENCE (LEFT); PRISON-CAMP MONOTONY

Charles was taken blindfolded to a prison in Hanoi, installed in a room about 15 by 15 ft., furnished with two desks and a wooden plank bed with a boarded-up window. There he was to spend the first 36 days in solitary confinement. He was immediately issued personal supplies—a cup, toothpaste, tooth brush, shirts, trousers, blankets, a teapot. The food was opulent enough by P.O.W. standards—sweet milk and half a loaf of bread in the morning, thick potato or cabbage soup for lunch, along with soybean cakes, or fish cakes, and sometimes a ration of pork. Later in the day a third meal was served.

When he was allowed to talk with his fellow prisoners, Charles said, they discussed the war and their hopes for a quick end to it. "The old guys," he said, "who had been there for many years, called that feeling 'new guy optimism.' Every time a new guy gets shot down, he comes in and says the war is going

ly, 43, told a bleaker story of the five months he spent in the "Hanoi Hilton" and other North Vietnamese camps. He and his fellow prisoners were about 30 lbs. underweight, he said, because of a thin diet of watery soup and bread. During his confinement, said Overly, each tiny cell was equipped with a loudspeaker that broadcast "endless hours of propaganda." "We were not treated as prisoners of war," Overly noted. "We were treated as criminals." Regulations posted in the cells began "The criminal will

Until all of the U.S. prisoners are out and have told their stories, it is difficult to compare their plight with that of other captives in other wars. No one yet knows how many died in the Communist camps—just as no one can say how many Communists may have died in such South Vietnamese prisons as Con Son, with its famous "tiger cages." P.O.W.s have never fared especially well in any war, except perhaps for

war deprived many of them of the early years of their marriages. Lorraine Shumaker was a 21-year-old, married for a year, with an infant son, when her husband Robert, a Navy jet pilot, left for duty in Indochina. Now, eight years later, he would be coming home in the first group of prisoners, to their house in La Jolla, Calif. His eight-year-old son Grant, who has no memory of his father, planned to install himself in a cardboard carton and pop out as a jack-in-the-box surprise when his father walks in the door. Sorting through her husband's clothes the other day in preparation for his home-

coming, she was getting at a Baptist-nursery-school parents' meeting. Finally, one mother demanded to know why her husband was in jail. Dabney, it turned out, had told her little classmates that her father was a "prisoner."

In Wellfleet, Mass., Carol North and her four daughters prepared for the homecoming of the man they had not seen for 6½ years. For three years after Air Force Lieut. Colonel Kenneth North was shot down, the family did not even know he was alive. Amy, now eleven, remembers about her father only that "he's got blue eyes and used to tickle me." Says Carol North: "There's no use kidding ourselves. I'm sure

Ken has changed. I can see from his letters that he has grown more introspective." She also worries that the enormous changes in her daughters may be difficult for him to handle. "The girls have grown from obedient little children to thinking young adults," she says. "Ken's coming home to kids who are going to question and challenge him. He's going to want his pristine girls home at 10."

The most painful waiting was done by those 1,300 families whose men are not on the lists, who are still missing in action. In Puyallup, Wash., Mrs. Emma Hagerman remains convinced that her husband, Air Force Colonel Robert Hagerman, is alive somewhere in Indochina, even though he has been missing for nearly six years. "One day I was feeling depressed," she said last week, "and I remembered that if you want a message, you should open the Bible and put your finger on a verse." She opened the book to *Jeremiah*, which she had never read before. The text said: "And they shall come again from the land of the enemy." If Hagerman does not appear during the 60-day release period, his wife is thinking of getting a visa and, armed with his photograph, questioning the people around Bac Ninh, where Hagerman's F-105 went down.

For such families, the bitterness of Viet Nam would go on. For those whose men were on the list of 562 P.O.W.s to be released, it was nearly over. In a Baltimore suburb, Andrea Rander and her two daughters were all set for Army Sergeant First Class Donald Rander, a prisoner since 1968. He was not in the first group, but they expected him soon. To welcome him home, Andrea planned to give back to her husband the wedding ring he had left behind for safekeeping five years ago. When he got out of Valley Forge General Hospital, she would fix him his favorite meal of roast duck, beer and chocolate cake. His daughter Page, 6, would formally present him with her homecoming gift: a small Rip Van Winkle doll with a red wig, inscribed: "I'm Ready for You."

The Psychology Of Homecoming

As the nation prepared to welcome the first of its returning prisoners of war, both military and private psychologists warned that the prisoners would be suffering from invisible wounds that may take years to heal.

According to Clinical Psychologist Charles Stenger, planning coordinator of the Veterans Administration P.O.W. program, the fact of imprisonment has a psychological impact that is "tremendous—an extreme and prolonged stress." This starts at the moment of capture. "That shock is about the most overwhelming, stupendous experience that can happen," says William N. Miller, a psychologist at the Navy's Center for P.O.W. Studies in San Diego. "No one who has not been totally at the mercy of other human beings can understand it. It brings a feeling of total helplessness and then a fantastic apathy."

Filled with guilt, concerned only with physical survival, the prisoner often becomes obsessed with trivial rituals and trivial goals. For instance, says Stenger (a prisoner himself during World War II), "it is routine to spend hours folding a blanket, because it is one of the few things a guy can do from which he can get a feeling of effectiveness if he does it well." USAF Major Fred Thompson, once a P.O.W. in Viet Nam, recalls devoting hours to an effort to train the ants in his cell to fetch crumbs. When that failed, he began building a dream cottage in his head, board by board, brick by brick.

Zombie. Another problem is what Manhattan Psychoanalyst Chaim Shatan calls the emotional anesthesia of captivity, a kind of psychological numbing that deadens feeling. Explains Los Angeles Psychiatrist Helen Tausend: "Many prisoners learn to cope with their situation by setting up low-key reactions in themselves—a kind of little death to save themselves from a bigger death." Back in the outside world, they often display a "zombie reaction"—apathy, withdrawal, lack of spontaneity and suppression of individuality. The symptoms often disappear quickly, but Shatan estimates that they can easily last three years. To a certain extent, he says, "You never get over it."

Recovery is a difficult process. One reason: culture shock. First, explains Stenger, "The P.O.W. has become partly acclimated to Vietnamese culture, which is much more inner, self-oriented and passive than ours." Then comes the confusion of return to a changed world. As Psychiatrist Tausend expresses it, a returning prisoner is "like a man coming out of a dark room." By way of illustration, Iris Powers, chairman of a P.O.W.-M.I.A. committee, recounts the

PRISONER ALVAREZ & EX-WIFE (INSET): Home, too, had changed.

coming. Lorraine Shumaker reflected: "The styles tell the story: Ivy League suits with those thin lapels, pencil-thin ties, button-down collars on his shirts. I didn't have the heart to throw the stuff out. I sent it to the cleaners instead."

Marty Halyburton waited in Atlanta for her husband Porter, a Navy Lieut. Commander who has been a prisoner since 1965. She was flooded with mail—as were other P.O.W. wives—from people wearing Halyburton's P.O.W. bracelet in a program started in the summer of 1970 by VIVA (Voices In Vital America). "When he left," she said, "I was just a 23-year-old bride, and I followed Porter everywhere." In the past seven years, she has learned to manage for herself—moving three times, buying and selling two cars, raising their daughter Dabney. At week's end, Marty learned that her husband was also among the first group released. She was

experience of Army Sergeant John Sexton. Released by the Viet Cong in 1971, Sexton had never heard of Women's Lib, miniskirts or unisex. "When he went into a shop for some clothes and saw a girl buying from the same rack—it was a unisex shop, and she was buying pants with a zipper up the front—he just walked right out again."

Even stable marriages will be subjected to stress when husbands return. In captivity, says Tausend, many a prisoner idealized the woman he would come home to, cherishing "an impossible dream in order to survive." In most cases the dream will crumble.

The focus of such problems may be sex; some wives fear that they may be frigid for a while, and psychiatrists warn that some husbands may experience temporary impotence. Some wives feel as if their imprisoned husbands had

siastic," while "older ones who have idolized their father without knowing him may be disillusioned. Here comes the great daddy hero, and he turns out to be a human being who is grumpy and weak."

To reduce the impact of all these problems, Department of Defense psychiatrists and psychologists began briefing P.O.W. families three years ago (TIME, Nov. 6). The advice of the experts seems to boil down to six rules:

1. Do not belittle a P.O.W. if prison-induced habits persist. Long deprived of shoes, beds and chairs, some returnees may at first have trouble tying their shoelaces, may choose to sleep on the floor and squat rather than sit.

2. Be open about feelings. "Isolation comes when we pretend that everything is all right if we are really feeling strange," Psychologist Stenger warns

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



KOREAN WAR PRISONER EUPHORIC AFTER RELEASE
Creating little deaths to avoid bigger deaths.

willfully abandoned them; younger women especially, reports P.O.W. wife Jane Crumpler, "are so bitter; they resent having wasted youthful years." Other wives may have difficulty simply because of their prolonged deprivation. Admits one: "I don't know if I can be a wife to him again; I've had that bed all to myself for such a long time." Says another: "We've both been in prison."

Summing up, U.C.I.A. Psychiatrist Louis West predicts that "if people had a good sexual relationship before, they will be able to re-establish it quickly—provided the same bond of affection exists. Where the relationship was fragile to begin with, it will be ruptured beyond repair."

In many cases, the bond between husband and wife will be easier to restore than that between father and child. P.O.W.s, says one psychiatrist, will be coming home not only to children who do not know them but, worse yet, to children who do not like them. According to Fauwend, "Small children may be frightened of their fathers at first, especially of those who are overwhelmingly enthu-

siaic." What would be most damaging for these people is not to know where they stand.

3. Do not try to distract a prisoner or take his mind off what has happened to him. Explains West: "In a relaxed setting, with a few friends, the returnee will want to talk about his experience—relive it, almost—little by little."

4. Do not treat a former P.O.W. as mentally ill, because he is not. "He has learned to adapt to an extremely threatening environment, and that takes a pretty well-organized individual," Stenger believes.

5. Do not treat a returnee as a hero because, says West, he does not consider himself one and will feel worse if complimented. The reason: he feels guilty for surviving while other men, perhaps braver than he, died in combat.

6. Give the returnee the privacy he needs to sort things out. It is important, urges Atlanta psychiatrist Alfred Messer, not to ask P.O.W.s to make speeches or submit to interviews prematurely. "You've just got to give him a chance to get his head on straight!"

VIET NAM

The Truce and A Silent Majority

TRYING to get out into the countryside to supervise the still shaky truce in South Viet Nam, an inspection team from the Four Party Joint Military Commission (the U.S., South Viet Nam, North Viet Nam and the Viet Cong) alighted from American helicopters in a soccer field at Ban Me Thuot, the Montagnard capital in the Central Highlands. Suddenly they were surrounded by a milling crowd of several hundred people, who threw stones and roughed up eight of the Communist representatives. A Saigon spokesman later apologized for the incident but claimed that the people had been "infuriated by Communist violations of the cease-fire." A Viet Cong representative said all V.C. participation in the field teams was being "temporarily suspended" because of "these humiliations."

The outburst of emotion demonstrated anew how difficult it will be to establish effective supervision of the cease-fire. A field team of the four-nation International Commission of Control and Supervision also ran into an unexpected problem: it could not even get into Quang Tri city, south of the DMZ, because that town was under a heavy North Vietnamese artillery barrage. Two full weeks after the signing of the settlement there still was no effective truce inspection anywhere in the country.

No Lines. South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu exaggerated only slightly when he declared that "there is no cease-fire at all." The ICSS chairman, Michel Gausin of Canada, agreed. "The Joint Military Commission has as yet failed to get an effective cease-fire all over the country," he said. "It has failed to establish lines of demarcation between troops." Indeed, although the level of fighting was declining, there still were some 180 clashes a day—well above the level of many of the quieter periods of the war. For the entire cease-fire period so far, Saigon claimed 5,218 enemy dead and admitted that 870 of its own troops had been killed. In this fighting, the ARVN managed to clear all but one of the major roads around Saigon and claimed that it controlled virtually all the 220 hamlets that the Communists had tried to seize after the cease-fire.

The supervisory groups were mainly still concerned about preliminary matters. Members of both the ICSS and the Joint Military Commission began meeting, working out procedural details and, in some cases, settling into field offices. At My Tho in the Mekong Delta, for example, an ICSS observer team consisting of six Canadians, five Hungarians, nine Indonesians and five Poles

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Search for a New Spirit

Henry Kissinger was on the wing again, with another of those exotic itineraries: Bangkok, Vientiane, Hanoi, Hong Kong and Peking. Flying with him were U.S. hopes for an imminent cease-fire in Laos, for a gradual end to the Cambodia fighting and for new assurances that the settlement in Viet Nam will stick. The sensitive mission may also help define the still-emerging triangular relationship among long-estranged and still uneasy powers: the U.S., the U.S.S.R. and China.

Kissinger's first diplomatic stop, in Bangkok, was partly a courtesy call upon a U.S. ally, Thailand's Premier Thanom Kittikachorn. But it also gave Kissinger and his top traveling companion, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State William H. Sullivan (see box), a chance to discuss the entire Indochina situation with the U.S. ambassadors to Thailand, Laos, Cambodia and South Viet Nam.

As Kissinger flew into Vientiane, Laos, cease-fire negotiations between Premier Souvanna Phouma and the Communist-dominated Pathet Lao were already well advanced. The chief difficulty has been the Communist insistence that any military truce be coupled with political concessions. A similar position had hampered the settlement in Viet Nam until Hanoi finally agreed to separate those issues. If a similar deal can be struck in Laos—and Kissinger was pressing for it—a cease-



ICCS TEAM OBSERVING COMMUNIST SHELLING OF QUANG TRI CITY
Still no effective inspection of the truce.

took over the entire third floor of the town's Grand Hotel. They set up an operations room plastered with 20 maps of their assigned region. Then they spent most of the week arguing about how to arrange for communications, transportation and accommodations at three outlying sites that they must monitor. Meanwhile, said one member, "All I know about cease-fire violations is what I can see and hear from the roof of the hotel."

The procedural details are vital, however, and it was no trifling matter when the ICCS agreed that English would be used as its official language. After the years of enmity, it was also notable that representatives of the Viet Cong and the South Viet Nam government were actually meeting in Paris as the first step in setting up a National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord, which will organize new elections in South Viet Nam. The probings were limited, however; they primarily sought ways to get Foreign Minister-lect started later in Saigon.

Ever so gradually, the struggle between the contending forces was changing from a military conflict to a political one. Off the highways, South Vietnamese pilots reported an increase of Viet Cong flags flying in rural areas of the Mekong Delta and in Military Region III surrounding Saigon. In the competition for political support, there were no spontaneous demonstrations against the Saigon government, as urged by the Communists, but no crowds paraded on behalf of it either. The dominant Vietnamese mood seemed to be what the French call *attentiste* (waiting it out). President Thieu also seemed to be turning defensively inward, making no effort to embrace Saigon's long-bickering factions and personalities in a united political front against the Com-

munist. He began a round of consultations with political figures, but no genuine opposition leaders were among them. He also conferred with key military men, who generally oppose the settlement but who so far seem loyal to him. There have been no mass army desertions.

Apparently influenced by some strong advice from Vice President Spiro Agnew, who had visited him a week earlier on his eight-nation tour of Southeast Asia and the Pacific, Thieu changed his tone abruptly in a *Tet* speech. Agnew reportedly had told Thieu that he must cooperate in carrying out the peace provisions and get his own house in order as well. In return, the U.S. would continue economic aid and as much military aid as the pact allows. Instead of complaining about the peace terms as he had done before, Thieu, in a public address, urged strict compliance with the provisions and even stressed the need to eradicate corruption throughout South Viet Nam. There were hints elsewhere in Saigon that Thieu might cut taxes and liberalize present laws that restrict political activities—all in an effort to make his regime more popular. These things have not yet happened, however, and the government seems uncertain how best to proceed.

Thieu appears to feel some doubts as to whether time is on his side. He passed the word to his negotiators in Paris that they should press the Viet Cong envoys there for elections to be held as quickly as possible. He apparently does not want to give the disciplined Communists too much opportunity to organize opposition against him. But perhaps not even an election will decide the allegiance of what a Polish delegate to the ICCS called "the great silent majority that supports neither side."

Kissinger's Kissinger

HENRY KISSINGER once credited his success partly to the fact that he works alone in the fashion of the classic Western gunslinger. But even the Lone Ranger needed his Tonto, so on his voyage to North Viet Nam, Kissinger is taking along his trusty sidekick, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State William H. Sullivan.

The silver-haired Sullivan has been Kissinger's chief political adviser throughout the long cease-fire negotiations. While Kissinger was talking to North Viet Nam's top emissary, Le Duc Tho, Sullivan was working 18-hour days at the "tandem negotiations" that tackled the technical details of the cease-fire, such as the logistical arrangements for the release of war prisoners and the machinery for supervising the truce. The filigree on those final supervisory arrangements is so intricate, Kissinger recently quipped, that, "as far as I can tell, only my colleague Ambassador Sullivan understands completely."

More recently Sullivan has been dividing his time between the White House and the State Department, poring over background material and brief-

fire could come as early as this week. In anticipation of that, the Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese troops made last-minute pushes to grab more territory—and the U.S. responded with repeated raids by B-52s and fighter-bombers.

At week's end Kissinger arrived in Hanoi—dramatically demonstrating how suddenly the scenes can shift in contemporary diplomacy. Here was one of the chief architects of the U.S. bombing and mining policy being given a welcome in the capital of what had so recently been a bitter enemy. Kissinger was making his first visit to Hanoi at the invitation of his Paris antagonist, Le Duc Tho. In three days of intensive talks, he was to meet Le Duan, the Communist Party leader, and Premier Pham Van Dong. The North Vietnamese had sought this visit with some urgency, possibly as a means of worrying South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu. Hanoi can also use any rapprochement with Washington to give it more flexibility in dealing with both Moscow and Peking.

More specifically, Kissinger was expected to explore the principles governing whatever aid the U.S. will offer to help rebuild North Viet Nam. No dollar figures are likely to be discussed yet, but the North Vietnamese are known to want unrestricted aid from the U.S., while Washington will want the money designated for specific projects and preferably channeled through a multinational agency. Kissinger will have a bargaining point in the recent signs of



KISSINGER & SULLIVAN IN PARIS

congressional resistance to any aid to Hanoi at all—a resistance that undoubtedly will grow if there is any major Communist failure to carry out the truce settlement.

Kissinger also will push Hanoi for a fuller accounting of missing U.S. soldiers who have not appeared on Communist lists of P.O.W.s. Hanoi, on the other hand, may ask pointed questions about the role and numbers of civilian technicians and advisers (between 5,000 and 6,000) whom the U.S. expects to keep in South Viet Nam. If these talks go well, there may be more high-level trips by officials of the two nations, as well as a slow expansion of exchange visits by technicians, scholars, journalists and scientists.

After resting briefly in Hong Kong, Kissinger will spend four days in equally delicate discussions in Peking. These talks, too, will be important in providing a new spirit for the relationship begun by President Nixon, Kissinger and China's Premier Chou En-lai last year. The Viet Nam War always clouded those earlier meetings and Washington is anxious to see what new progress can be made now that the war is ending. One topic likely to be discussed is the amount of military aid that China intends to give Hanoi; Nixon has appealed for "restraint" by both China and Russia. The touchy issue of U.S. ties with Taiwan will also emerge, but a U.S. official notes that Peking's leaders have been "more relaxed recently on that point. They feel time is on their side."

ing Kissinger for the newest talks in Hanoi. From Hanoi, Sullivan will fly to Saigon, Vientiane, Phnom-Penh and Bangkok to brief allied officials on the import of the negotiations. Then back to Washington and off again to Paris, where Sullivan will act as deputy to Secretary of State William Rogers for the U.S. delegation at the international guarantee conference on Viet Nam, beginning Feb. 26.

To stay in shape for such arduous assignments, Sullivan carves time out of his schedule to swim and ice-skate near his home in Bethesda, Md. A trim 5 ft. 11 in., he watches his weight (Metrel at his desk for lunch) and his appearance. Even in the thick of a crisis, his gray suits hold their shape and his loafers keep their high buff. Complains one subordinate with a tinge of envy: "This guy never even looks tired."

Kissinger, of course, was attracted to Sullivan for more cerebral reasons. "Henry likes clever diplomats but can't abide stuffy bureaucrats," explains a mutual friend. "Bill Sullivan is a very clever diplomat." After serving in half a dozen embassies from India to Italy, Sullivan was plucked from departmental obscurity in 1962 by another enemy of bureaucrats, W. Averell Harriman,

then head of the U.S. delegation to the Laos conference in Geneva. "It took me just a couple of discussions with Sullivan to realize he was not an ordinary man," Harriman recalls. He made Sullivan his deputy, but several senior State Department officers protested that Sullivan could not be promoted over them. Harriman simply told them that if they did not approve of his decision, they could "ship out."

Sullivan gradually became known to his colleagues as "Mr. Indochina," and he has fought to retain his pre-eminence in that field. "There are some bloodied noses around the department among those who tried to muscle in," notes one Asian specialist. Sullivan's knowledge of Indochina's politics is encyclopedic. One colleague recalls that, about two years ago, Sullivan "simply sat down and dictated to his secretary the basic paper that became the foundation for the 'leopard-spot' standpoint cease-fire concept now agreed to."

During his four years as Ambassador to Laos (1964-68), where he ran U.S. political and military involvement with an iron hand, Sullivan's reports were often memorably pithy. In one particularly difficult period, he cabled

to Dean Rusk, then Secretary of State: AFTER YOU READ THIS REPORT, YOU WILL NO DOUBT WANT TO DISPATCH INSTRUCTIONS. PLEASE RESIST. WE HAVE ALL THE INSTRUCTIONS WE WILL EVER NEED. I WILL BE REPORTING MY ACTIONS. He also objected to Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's notion of building a wire fence along the DMZ to keep Communist infiltrators out of South Viet Nam. He cabled Washington: HOW FAR ACROSS LAOS ARE YOU PREPARED TO STRETCH THE FENCE?

The ambitious Sullivan has sometimes been accused of "sleight-of-mouth" tricks—of changing his views to suit the policy of the moment. The reason is that he frequently argues his own views with passion but, when overruled, feels obligated to argue the official view with equal fervor. As ambassador, he pleaded eloquently against any allied invasion of Laos; back in Washington in early 1971, he argued the case for the South Vietnamese invasion of Laos. Once, when he had stated a point with great conviction, he was reminded by a reporter that he had argued the exact opposite with equal persuasiveness a few months earlier. He paused for a moment, smiled and lifted a finger to his lips: "Shhhh..."

THE CONGRESS

Right Man, Right Time

"The history of mankind shows that governments have an insatiable thirst for power. This desire for power will carry them to tyranny unless it is prevented."

So says the venerable Senator Samuel James Ervin of North Carolina, denouncing the Nixon Administration with characteristic senatorial rhetoric. What makes it more than rhetoric is that Sam Ervin is the widely respected chairman of the Senate Government Operations Committee and the Judiciary Subcommittees on Separation of Powers and Constitutional Rights. As such, he is the man the Senate is counting on to lead its struggle against what is increasingly seen as presidential encroachment on congressional powers, including impounding of funds and government by decree. "Sam Ervin," says Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, "is the man to watch in this Congress." Or as Hubert Humphrey put it: "Ervin is the right man at the right time in the right place."

Indeed, Ervin seems to be commanding almost every battlefield against the Administration. Last week alone:

- Ervin's bill to require congressional approval of any new Director and Deputy Director of the Office of Management and Budget was overwhelmingly passed on the Senate floor.

- He concluded five days of stormy hearings on another bill of his that would force the President to seek the consent of Congress before impounding any more funds.

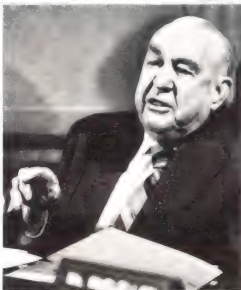
- He laid plans to begin hearings Feb. 20 on a bill to protect newsmen from official interrogation about confidential sources.

- The Senate voted 77 to 0 to set up a special committee, chaired by Ervin, to investigate all aspects of the Watergate bugging case, including questions of White House ties to the conspirators. Says Ervin: "There will be no witch hunt [but] I am going to get to the bottom of this thing—and the top."

Why has Ervin, at 76, rather than more obvious leaders like Senators Mike Mansfield or Ted Kennedy emerged as the *enfant terrible* of Congress? In part, because of his seniority: his 19 years in the Senate have brought him the appropriate chairmanships. But beyond this, Ervin is known as one of the most eminent constitutionalists in the Senate, a man of such personal prestige, of such judicial temperament, that

he cannot easily be attacked. Kennedy, for instance, whose subcommittee staff has been working long and hard on the Watergate investigation, realizes his own vulnerability and has hoped all along that Ervin would take it over. "He is a man who is beyond ambition," says Kennedy.

Ervin grew up in the small mountain community of Morganton, N.C., served with distinction in World War I, went to Harvard Law School and rose to become an associate justice on the state supreme court. He was appointed to the Senate in 1954 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Clyde Hoey, the last of the frock-coated Senators, and has remained there ever since. Fancying himself more as a constitutional lawyer than a politician, Ervin



ERVIN AT HEARINGS ON EXECUTIVE POWER
They're treading on our Constitution.

prefers browsing through obscure legal texts in his extensive law library to the back-room intrigue that is so popular among his brethren. Although he has acquired a remarkable book knowledge of the law over the years, he is hardly an innovative constitutional thinker. Says one Northern liberal Senator, "Sam stopped reading cases after 1938." Ervin is such a worker that he has few close friends, even in the Senate. "Sam sticks pretty close to his wife and the Constitution," says Mansfield. "He's married to both." Their three children grown, Ervin and his wife live quietly in an apartment near Capitol Hill.

Heavy-set and rosy-jowled, the picture of the trusted, white-haired country doctor, Ervin has thrown himself wholeheartedly into the mounting battle with the Administration. As a constitutional fundamentalist, he believes that the President is precipitating a crisis between the executive and legislative branches. "I feel that the Constitution

gives all legislative power to Congress," he told TIME last week. "An appropriation bill is as much a law as any other law. After an appropriation bill is passed by Congress, the Constitution gives the President only one way to express his disapproval—the veto."

As Ervin himself has made plain, he agrees that much of the money Nixon has impounded should not be spent. He voted against many of those bills. He even regards Nixon as something of a spendthrift, and he has voted against some of Nixon's own spending plans, like revenue sharing. But to Ervin, that is not the issue. "He is treading," he said, "on our Constitution. I would suggest two books that should be in the White House. One is the Constitution of the United States, and the other is Dale Carnegie's book *How to Win Friends and Influence People*."

Last week as his subcommittee interrogated newly appointed Deputy Attorney General Joseph Sneed, Ervin demanded to know—waving a copy of the Constitution like a Southern revivalist with a Bible, his eyebrows twitching with indignation—where the Constitution gave the President the right to impound funds. Despite an embarrassing hole in the Administration's argument—a memorandum written by Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist when he was an Assistant Attorney General, stating that neither "reason nor precedent" gave the President constitutional powers to decline spending appropriated funds—former Duke Law School Dean Sneed replied, "We rest on Articles I, II and III." They outline the duties and powers of three branches of government. "I can't reconcile that conclusion with what the words say," Ervin countered. "Well," Sneed replied weakly, "I've tried." At this, Ervin's eyebrows flashed with particular amusement. "You put up the best defense possible," he said grandly, "for a guilty client."

WOMEN

Trouble for ERA

Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied nor abridged by the U.S. or by any state on account of sex.

The wording of the equal rights amendment (ERA) to the U.S. Constitution was not considered very controversial when the proposal passed the Senate last March. If anything, the bill seemed to be a simple doffing of the legislative hat in recognition of a battle already won. By the time the state legislatures recessed at the end of the year, 22 states had already ratified ERA, leaving only sixteen more needed for a three-fourths majority.

Yet the amendment has recently begun to encounter some strenuous opposition, much of it organized by a well-financed lobby called Stop ERA. Its



El Mirage, Calif., August 1, 1972. Bill Couch balances himself on top Torino's special rig.



Torino's wheels pound over the torturous roadbed of 2x4s, but Torino's body rides smooth.



End of run, and Bill is still balanced. If it's that smooth on top, imagine how smooth it is inside.

The solid mid-size Ford Torino.
To prove its amazingly smooth ride,
we pounded over torturous 2x4's while a
high wire artist rode steady on top.



Chances are you won't ride over roads as tough as ours, and certainly won't balance yourself on top of your Torino. But you will get a smooth ride. Torino's refined suspension helps to cushion bumps, absorb road vibrations and reduce body sway.

You'll ride with confidence too, because the 1973 Torino combines a welded body with a heavy 5 cross-member frame. Body frame construction for solid durability.

The '73 Ford Torino. Smooth Riding, Strong and Quiet Because It's a Ford.

The 1973 Gran Torino 2-door used in the test and pictured above is equipped with optional white sidewall tires, deluxe wheel covers, deluxe bumper guards, vinyl roof and an AM/FM stereo radio.

FORD TORINO

FORD DIVISION



A General Electric Potscrubber dishwasher is guaranteed to do this. Or we'll take it back.



Before

After

The pot on the left has the remains of a baked bean casserole.

The unretouched picture on the right is the same pot after it has been scrubbed with the brushless water action of one of our six Potscrubber dishwashers with Power Scrub Cycle. Nothing else was done to this pot. No pre-scrubbing. No rinsing. We washed it along with a full load of 88 other dirty dishes, glasses and silverware.

You'll get the same results as we have it you'll follow our simple loading diagrams for different sizes and types of loads.

Instructions are provided with

every Potscrubber we sell.

That's why we can give this guarantee:

"Buy any one of our six Potscrubber* dishwashers with a Power Scrub Cycle from a participating GE dealer before June 30, 1973. If

you're not fully satisfied with its performance (and you'll be the judge), notify the dealer within 30 days of your purchase. He'll take back the dishwasher and refund your money. No questions asked."

In addition to pots and pans you can also safely

wash fine china and crystal.

We make a line of Potscrubber models to fit into a lot of different kitchens. Three built-ins. Three front-load convertibles, portable now, can be built in later.

These are some of the reasons why more people use GE dishwashers than any others.

We also have a quality feature just as dependable as our Potscrubber:

Customer Care Service Everywhere. This is our pledge that wherever you are, or go, you'll find an authorized GE serviceman nearby. Should you ever need him.

The Potscrubber dishwasher... another reason why GE is America's #1 major appliance value.



GENERAL  ELECTRIC

*Our Potscrubber dishwashers with Power Scrub Cycle are models SC or SLDGON, SC or SLDGON, SC or SLDGON.



BETTY FRIEDAN ADDRESSES NATIONAL WOMEN'S POLITICAL CAUCUS CONVENTION IN HOUSTON
"We need to help those women, to raise their sense of worth."

principal argument is that ERA would abolish many legal safeguards that, in the past, have established and protected the woman's place in the home: the requirement that men support their families, Social Security benefits that widows receive from a husband's job and that, if a marriage fails, the wife gets alimony and child support.

Dim. One woman in particular who does not share the desire for equal status is Phyllis Schlafly, founder and prime mover of Stop ERA. The wife of a wealthy lawyer in Alton, Ill., and the mother of six children, Mrs. Schlafly first came to public attention in the 1960s with a right-wing treatise in support of Barry Goldwater's presidential candidacy, *A Choice Not an Echo*, and stayed there with a fiery monthly newsletter named *The Schlafly Report* (cost: \$5 per year). With no lack of capital (she insists that her effort is financed from the proceeds of her newsletter), she has been flying about the country, appearing on talk shows, speaking before women's clubs, buttonholing old Republican contacts, testifying before legislators and quietly enlisting the support of local Roman Catholic lay groups and labor unions.

Mrs. Schlafly's tactics seem to be working. Of the states that have voted on ERA in 1973, Minnesota, Oregon, Wyoming and South Dakota have ratified it, but North Dakota, Oklahoma and Utah have defeated it outright, and at least five others have struck it down by more subtle means—Montana, Arkansas, Missouri, Mississippi and Virginia. Kansas and Nebraska, both of which passed it last year, are reconsidering their decisions. In short, the momentum of the amendment has been stopped, and it now seems dubious whether the 38 ratifications can be won this year. If the issue drags on into 1974, the prospects may become even dimmer.

Aside from Mrs. Schlafly's earnest

arguments, various mixtures of props and propaganda have been marshaled against ERA. In Ohio, anti-ERA women handed legislators silver bullets to illustrate their conviction that they can take care of themselves without a constitutional amendment. In Minnesota, opponents tried to bat ERA away by handing out red fly swatters to legislators. In Oklahoma, Democrat John Monks helped defeat the bill by preaching from the Bible. "The good book says a woman should serve her husband," he told his colleagues. Arkansas State Senator Guy Hamilton ("Mutt") Jones put the matter a little differently. "Women are put on this earth to minister to the needs of miserable men," he argued. Marion Olson, chairwoman of a right-wing political party in Minnesota, offered yet another objection: "We don't want to turn our daughters into tigers and our sons into pansies. Nature did not intend men and women to be equal."

To combat such views and to map strategy for a new political action, activists in the feminist movement met in Houston last week for the first National Women's Political Caucus conven-

tion. The event drew 1,400 delegates from 48 states—government officials, editors, legislators, blacks, Chicanas, young and old, housewives and students. They came in everything from boots to buckskin, from outsized overalls to a flowing Indian sari. They were searching for a common program toward common goals, but at times they lost their way in partisan disputes between Republicans and Democrats. At the end, though, the convention had established a far broader base and brought attention to new talent.

Worth. The old stars—Gloria Steinem, Shirley Chisholm, Bella Abzug and Betty Friedan—willingly turned the podium over to some fresher faces. Among them: Philadelphia Councilwoman Dr. Ethel Allen ("I'm what's known as Philadelphia's fat Shirley Chisholm"); Colorado's new Democratic U.S. Representative, Pat Schroeder, 32, the mother of two preschoolers, and Baltimore Councilwoman Barbara Mikulski, who made a strong and witty plea that the convention not forget the blue-collar woman.

The woman who threw down the strongest challenge to the opponents of ERA, and who drew the heaviest applause, was Jill Ruckelshaus, 36, mother of five children under twelve and wife of Nixon's director of the Environmental Protection Agency. Mrs. Ruckelshaus addressed herself to "the hundreds of thousands of women in this country who aren't here, who don't want to be here, who don't understand why they should be here. We need to help those women, to raise their sense of worth." The question was whether the members of the Caucus could reach those women in time to convince them that equal rights would mean an opportunity rather than a threat.

Shirley Chisholm underscored the delicacy of that difficult task. "Some people wrongly see the Caucus participants as being 'anti-male, anti-children and anti-family,'" she cautioned. "Very frankly, there have been some excesses in movement thinking. Children are more than a pile of dirt and diapers; families have provided love. This Caucus should not be the cutting edge of the women's movement, but the big umbrella over all."

STOP ERA FOUNDER PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY



LABOR

Happy Birthday, Jimmy

When Teamsters Union President Jimmy Hoffa was serving a 13-year term in Lewisburg penitentiary for fraud and jury tampering, some of his friends claimed that he wanted a parole not to resume his ramunctious union ways but simply to lead a quiet life—"teaching and lecturing," as New Hampshire Publisher William Loeb put it. The parole board quite clearly did not believe him.

Hoffa became a model prisoner, du-



HOFFA GREETES TEAMSTER FRIENDS IN NEW JERSEY NIGHT CLUB
Back under the lights, but still unpredictable.

tifully stuffing mattresses and keeping in shape by doing push-ups. "He has an excellent mental attitude," the prison warden said. "He gives us most courteous treatment and we give him the same." The parole board still did not budge on his case.

Hoffa then made the ultimate sacrifice. He stepped down as president of the Teamsters in the summer of 1971, throwing his support to sleepy, sluggish Frank Fitzsimmons. Fitz handily won the election at the Teamsters convention in Miami Beach that same summer, and Hoffa became "General President Emeritus" for life, with a consoling pension that he quickly converted into a lump-sum payment worth some \$1.7 million.

Open Door. A humble servant to Hoffa all through his labor life, a man whom AFL-CIO President George Meany had called a puppet, Fitz suddenly leaned back in Jimmy's big white chair in the Teamsters' marble palace in Washington and decided that he liked the feel of the job. More important, President Nixon liked Fitz in the job. Seeking labor support for his re-election, the President dropped by a Teamsters executive board meeting in Miami Beach that June of 1971 to pay his respects to the new boss personally. Said Nixon: "My door is always open to President Fitzsimmons."

As a good-will gesture to the Teamsters, Nixon commuted Hoffa's sentence in December 1971—almost six months after Fitz took over—but only on one condition: Hoffa could not "engage in the direct or indirect management of any labor organization" until March 6, 1980.

After this "favor" to Jimmy, Fitz led the Teamsters into a formal endorsement of Nixon for President last year. Nixon nominated him to the board of

COMSAT. Mrs. Fitzsimmons was put on the board of an advisory committee at the Kennedy Center. When all the other labor leaders walked off the President's Pay Board, Fitz stayed on. And when Nixon dropped Labor Secretary James Hodgson, Fitz was immediately called and offered the job. He declined.

Hoffa's probation ends next month, and he is now hoping that the legal restrictions on his union activities will be dropped, either by presidential pardon or by a direct challenge in court. If he succeeds, he might easily win back the Teamsters presidency, and that prospect does not particularly please either Fitz or the Nixon Administration. Said one labor observer: "Hoffa is too unpredictable."

This week Hoffa is 60 years old—his birthday falls on Valentine's Day—so the boys decided to give him a large party. They rented the huge Latin Casino outside Camden, N.J., and sent out 2,000 invitations. Fitz sent his regrets, saying that he had a prior commitment in California. And none of the other 16 members of the national executive board showed up either. But the middle-echelon Teamsters packed the house. Looking tanned and as fit as ever, Hoffa bounced out of a red Cadillac with his wife Jo, obviously enjoying the movie-premiere spectacle of TV lights and photographers. He disclaimed any rift with his "old friend Fitz," but when asked by a news reporter if the restriction on his release amounted to a doublecross, Hoffa said, "Nobody knows what happened, but it wasn't part of the papers I signed in prison...I probably would have been out in 1974 with the extra good time." His chief ambition right now, he said, was to "be able to speak out again about the injustices to the little people of America."

ODYSSEYS

Amando Come Home

Amando Muñoz, 28, a wiry migrant worker from Texas, was picking tomatoes on a farm near Lake Worth, Fla., when four agents of the U.S. Immigration Service swooped down on the field in a search for illegal immigrants. They asked Muñoz for his identity papers, but he had lost his billfold and so he had nothing to show them. "I told them I was from Harlingen, Texas," Muñoz recalls, "but they just said, 'Get in the truck.'"

Along with twelve other captured farmhands, Muñoz was taken to Miami Airport and flown to the nearest point in Mexico, which happened to be the Yucatán peninsula—600 miles across the Gulf of Mexico and about 1,200 miles overland from Texas.

"At the airport in Merida," says Muñoz, "they dumped us all out of the airplane, and then they shoed us away like chickens. I had only \$10 in my pocket, so I started out on foot. I walked. I thumbed rides, then I walked some more. None of those rich tourists in their big fast cars would pick me up just ranch folks in their broken-down trucks or cxcarts."

When he got tired of walking, Muñoz stopped at a farmhouse and cut some wood or helped to gather in the crops. "People were very friendly, taking me in for the night, feeding me and some would give me a little money when they found out what had happened to me."

Let Me Cry. Mexico City, about halfway to Texas, was less friendly. "Nobody would pick you up there in the city," says Muñoz. "It got cold there at night, and I had to sleep in doorways, under old newspapers." It took him all of two days to walk across the city.

Then cross-country again, still on foot. "The one thing that stayed in my mind was my mother," says Muñoz. "And when I was in a depressed mood I would ask myself, would I ever see my mother again?"

It took nearly two months for Muñoz to cover the 1,200 miles from Yucatán to Matamoros, just across the Rio Grande from the southern tip of Texas. There, he telephoned his sister Elvia, 19, a senior at Harlingen High School, and Elvia called her mother, Mrs. Ovidea Muñoz, 53, a cleaning woman with six children. Mrs. Muñoz snatched up Amando's baptismal certificate, got a ride in a friend's old car, and barreled off to the border to retrieve her son. "Don't cry, Mama, I'm back," said Amando. "Let me cry," said Mrs. Muñoz.

Muñoz now has a lawyer and is suing the Immigration Service for \$25,000 in damages. He has also given up his wanderings and is working on a local farm. "I'm staying close to Harlingen," he says, "where everybody knows me."



Pipers' George Reid tells the Robertsons why we insist on mellowing our Scotch in aged casks.

When Sandy and John Robertson vacationed in Scotland, their travels brought them to the old gates of our Strathisla distillery.

We always welcome visitors, and our George Reid took the Robertsons on a tour of the distillery—Scotland's oldest.

In warehouse number 12, where millions of gallons of fine whisky mature in old oak casks, George demonstrated a ritual that

takes place each year.

Casks are opened, and a wooden dip-stick is inserted to check the whisky level. This is how we insure that natural evaporation is proceeding at a normal rate. Too much evaporation would indicate an imperfect cask, and possible damage to the whisky inside.

"We use only aged casks," George explains, "because new barrels add a 'woody' flavor to

the whisky. We restore these old casks a stave at a time, if need be. Perhaps it's a wee bit old fashioned. But it makes for a marvelous whisky. And that's the only kind we'll settle for."

Pride. When it comes to making a classic Scotch, we know of no finer quality a man can have.

Seagram's
100 PIPERS
Scotch

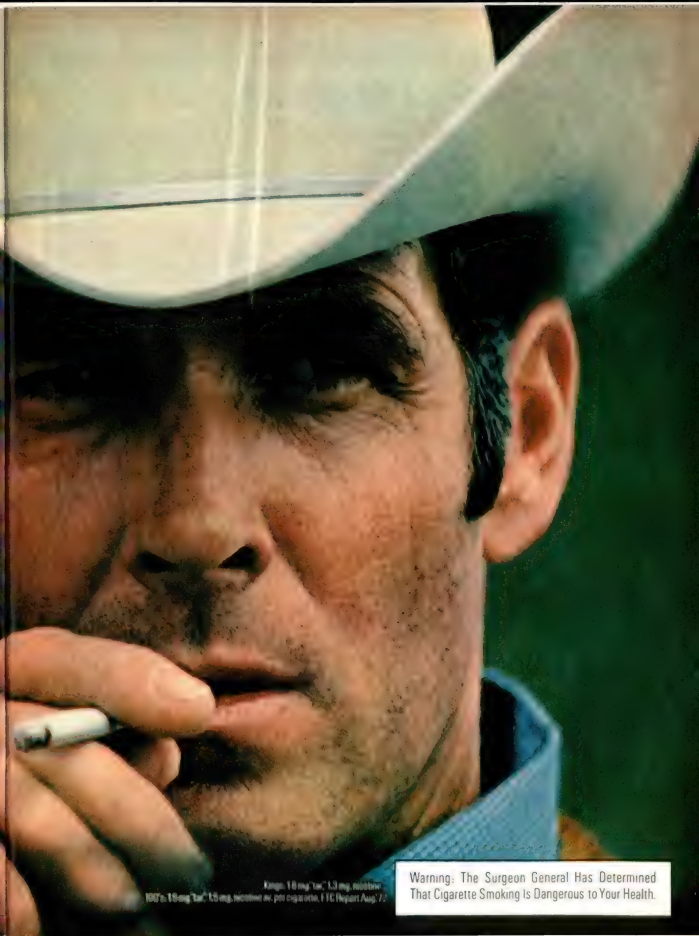


It's made proudly.
Drink it that way.

Come to where the flavor is.
Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red
or Longhorn 100's
you get a lot to like.



Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av.
100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. '72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

How much car should you expect for a couple of thousand bucks?

You should expect a whole car. Not a stripped-down model that could cost you another two hundred in options before you get it out of the showroom.

At Toyota, we don't call things "options" that should come on your car in the first place. And then advertise a lower sticker price. And then charge you extra when you buy the car.

Even our most inexpensive models come with a long list of standard equipment including such things as whitewalls, reclining bucket seats and full carpeting.

In other words, when our suggested retail price is \$1998 (as it is on a '73 Toyota Corolla 1200), then you know that that price, plus local taxes and freight, includes those kinds of things. Things some others charge extra for.



You should expect a dollar's worth of car for every dollar you lay out.

For a couple of thousand bucks, you should expect a roomy, comfortable car. Not one that requires sitting in the knee-chest position.

That's why we design the inside of our cars before the outside. So although we make "small" cars, you'll find them surprisingly roomy inside. Even our smallest models are big enough for four adults.

And you should expect a car that'll last without costing you an arm and two legs in repairs.

That's why we build our cars so that under normal driving conditions, they require maintenance check-ups only twice a year. Or 6000 miles. Which, by the

way, is one of the longest intervals between check-ups in the industry. About as often as you're supposed to see your dentist!

Maybe the best way to find out about a car before you buy it is to ask a friend who bought one. He'll be quick to tell you what he thinks of it. Or doesn't think of it.

Roughly every four years, the editors of *Road & Track* magazine select what they think are the finest cars in the world by category.

Here's what they said in 1971 when they chose the best sedan sold in the United States in their lowest price category.

"The Toyota Corona is value for money; nice looking, well finished, quiet, smooth overhead-cam engine, good 4-speed gearbox, carpeting, tinted glass, vacuum-assisted front disc brakes.

"Features alone don't make a car though. It's the driving and living with that do.

"The Toyota Corona succeeds here too..."

Now we can't be sure they would say the same thing about our '73 Corona. We have changed all our cars since.

We, of course, think they're even more car for the money.

Whether you're buying a new car or a half dozen oranges, make sure you're getting your money's worth. And when you spend two thousand dollars or more on a car, you should expect to get your dollar's worth.

After all, inflation or no, a couple of thousand bucks is a lot of money.



"The Toyota Corona is the best sedan sold in the U.S. under \$2500!"

—The editors of Road & Track 1972 Annual

If everyone wanted the same thing from a small car, we'd only make one small car. From l to r: Toyota.



See how much car your money can buy.

TOYOTA

The Returned: A New Rip Van Winkle

The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange...the very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it...A fellow...was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—and other words which were a perfect Babylonish jargon.

WASHINGTON: DRIVING SET his story in the late 18th century, when it took 20 years and an American Revolution to bring about such alterations. With contemporary efficiency and such time-saving devices as the Viet Nam War, change now occurs at quintuple speed. The returning P.O.W.s have been away an average of four years; it is long enough to make them a new breed of Van Winkle, blinking at a world that can hardly believe how profoundly it has changed. Nor will it really believe until it sees itself with the returning P.O.W.s' fresh, hungry eyes.

The little things are what the ex-prisoner will notice first, phenomena that civilians have long since absorbed. That local double bill, for example: *Suburban Wives* and *Tower of Screaming Virgins*. Four years ago, it would have been restricted to a few downtown grind-houses. Today, blue-movie palaces are as much a part of the suburbs as the wildly proliferating McDonald'ses. Shaking his head, the new Van Winkle heads for a newsstand. Here, there is still more catching up to do. A copy of *Look*? No way. *Life*? No more. How about a copy of *Crawdaddy*, *Screw*, *Money*, *Rolling Stone*? Rip has heard of none of them. He looks, dazed, at the roster of more undreamt-of magazines: *Oui*, *Penthouse*, *World Mf.* "Pronounced Miz," says the proprietor who starts to elucidate, then drops the subject and the magazine. Who, after all, could explain Gloria Steinem? Ah, but in this rolled world a few bedrocks remain. There it is—the good old *Saturday Evening Post*. No, it is the good old new old *Saturday Evening Post*, risen from the grave and swathed in thrift-shop clothing, an item of that rising phenomenon, nostalgia.

Every age has enjoyed a peek in the rear-view mirror. But in the last few years, total recall has become almost a way of life. Rip examines magazines devoted to trivia, recalling the names of Tarzan's co-stars and the Lone Ranger's genealogy. He sees ads for Buster Keaton festivals and even for Ozzymaniacs musicals like *Grease*, celebrating the vanished glories of '50s rock 'n' roll. The stranger pushes on nostalgia—at preposterous prices—peers at him from shop windows. Fashion bends backward with shaped suits and long skirts, wide-brimmed hats, ubiquitous denims and saddle shoes. He has, alas, missed miniskirts and hot pants. He

is just in time to see almost all women in long pants. Well, why not? But men in high heels?

He peers in the window of a unisex shop, and then, holding fast to the corner of a building to maintain his balance, he seeks stability at a furniture store. Surely this window will yield a glimpse of the familiar. After all, what is furniture but chairs, tables—and waterbeds? It is time, he feels, to cross the street.

Jesus freaks are gathered at the corner, mixing freely with other louder groups. They carry the perennial banners of militancy, each inscribed with the device, Liberation. Over it are the words Gay, Black, Women's, Chicano and People's. These are the remnants of a great tidal wave of protest that broke in Rip's absence, still sporadically coursing through the streets and campuses. The year 1968 was at once its crest and ebb. Rip was gone when Martin Luther King was assassinated in Memphis and when 172 cities went up in smoke, when 3,500 were injured and 27,000 arrested. He was gone when Bobby Kennedy was murdered two months later, and when two months afterward, the city of Chicago seemed to become the epicenter for every disaffected demonstrator in America.

Perhaps there was something in the global ionosphere that year, something that still clings like smoke in an empty room. Without benefit of an unpopular war to trigger protest, Paris also was torn by civil disturbances; so were Mexico City and Tokyo. Even in Prague, the people rose up—only to be pushed into submission by armored tanks. Today all protest seems, somehow, to be an echo of that hopeful dreadful time; but to the new listener there is no resonance, only the flat remnants of unassimilated rage.

A striped pole catches Rip's eye. He settles into a chair—only to hear a fresh diatribe from the barber—who now calls himself a stylist. Once, long hair was the exclusive property of the hippies; they have gone but the hair has remained. Now all the straights sport it. The barber talks on about a world gone into reverse. Nixon has toured Communist China, which is now in the U.N. The Empire State Building is no longer the tallest building in the world. The World Trade Center is. Eighteen-year-olds can vote. The New York Giants will soon play in New Jersey. In the American League pitchers will no longer bat.

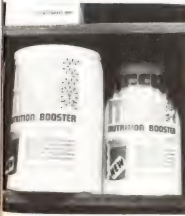
The stock market, Rip learns, has hit 1000, yet the go-go funds and glamour conglomerates are a sure and



GLOBE

3 BIG HIT SHOW
SEX CONSTANT SEX
 SEX WITH A STRANGER
 RED HOT VERY BLUE COLOR

HEALTH FOODS, 1972; CARROLL O'CONNOR AS ARCHIE BUNKER, 1971; CHICAGO RIOTERS, 1968; ANGELA DAVIS BEFORE ACQUITTAL, 1972; PORNO TRIPLE FEATURE, 1972; RIP VAN WINKLE, CIRCA 1790





BIAFRAN CHILD, 1971; WOODSTOCK, 1969; ARTHUR BREMER, 1972; WOMEN'S LIB PROTEST, 1970; "SESAME STREET" MUPPETS, 1970; DAVID CASSIDY OF "PARTRIDGE FAMILY," 1972

withered group. Unfamiliar newsworthies are summoned to his attention: Mary Jo Kopechne, Clifford Irving, Arthur Bremer, Vida Blue, Archie Bunker, Angela Davis, Daniel Ellsberg. There are new countries leaping up from the headlines, nations born while he was away.

Bangladesh, Botswana and Qatar. There was another country, too, called Biafra. Like those radioactive elements produced in a laboratory, it was destined for a brief, intense half-life before it vanished forever. But the eyes of its starving children still stare from old magazines—and in the memory.

His hair cropped, or rather, styled—at absurd prices—Rip retires to a bar for refreshment and intelligence. The TV set is in color now, and there is something called a cable that makes the reception better—although for what purpose is not so clear. True, there are no more cigarette commercials, and some programs called *Sesame Street* and *The Electric Company* are brightening the day for children. But for adults, it is, as always, lame adventure series and innocuous sitcoms, the half leading the bland. There are fewer talk shows and more movies made expressly for TV—all of them, it seems, starring James Farentino and George Peppard.

Not all movies are made for the tube, announces a defensive film buff down at the other end of the bar. He tells of the emerging genres: black films with superheroes carpet bombing the

inner cities; hetero-, homo- and bisexual hits. Andy Warhol's spectacular that may yet replace *Second*, and of course, the constantly refilled pornography.

Yet film can still provide comfort for the weary and overburdened. Rip learns that the stalwarts have not toppled: Gregory Peck, Paul Newman, John Wayne, Steve McQueen are impervious to criticism; throw a rock at them and it still produces sparks. As for the theater, that too has its enduring endearing qualities. There are laments for the passing grandeur of the now tacky Broadway, butter and egg musicals, and Neil Simon comedies still pull in the theater parties. Save for the new nudity, the visitor might never have been away.

Rip wanders from the bar in search of nourishment. Next door is a restaurant: it is not until he examines the menu that he sees the words "health foods"—and by then it is a little late to run. On the shelves are strange labels: Granola, mung beans, Tiger's Milk, lecithin, all at nonsensical prices. Vitamin E, he learns, is expected to cure everything but the common cold; Vitamin C takes care of that. Adelle Davis has become the Brillat-Savarin of the counterculture. Her self-help books beckon from the paperback rack: *Let's Get Well, Let's Have Healthy Children, Let's Eat Right To Keep Fit*.

Let's not, mutters the ex-prisoner. Abandoning his pep-

up and soy derivative, he pushes onward to a record store. His favorites have quite literally passed on: Judy Garland, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix—all killed by various ODS. The Beatles? Fragmented. The unheard of Woodstock? While he was gone it was born, matured, grew senile and became a comic epitaph on an old emotion. Some stalwarts remain here too: Sirensand, Elvis Presley, Joan Baez, The Stones. But who are the Partridge Family? Cheech and Chong? Dr. Hook and The Medicine Show?

Fighting off a syncope, Rip flees to a bookstore. It is just in time for the revisionist historians. When Rip left the U.S. the faint afterglow of Kennedy magic was still warm to the touch. Then they called it charisma. Now they call it Shamelot. Such books as Henry Fairlie's *The Kennan Years* and David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest* sound the knell for the '60s and its leaders. The returnee has missed the spate of Concerned Books: *Soul On Ice*, *Deschooling Society*, *The Whole Earth Catalog*—when Rip left, earth was only dirt—plus almost every float in Norman Mailer's *My America*. Pageant, Lose a few, win a few. He has also missed *Love Story*, *Mary Breckenridge*, *The Sexman's Woman*. He browses through the current paperbacks: words rise up and greet him like so much Urdu: ecology, software, encounter groups, moon rocks, body language, future shock, acupuncture, transcendental meditation, deep zone therapy. His trembling hands try the poetry shelf, but the words of Auden seem as odd as the day he has just lived.

In the deserts of the heart
let the healing fountain start
In the prison of his days
teach the free man how to praise

According to the poet, then, we are all behind bars locked inside the jail of mortality. No matter how bitter his past, the prisoner must find a way to leave the personal desert for the world of common humanity. But how can one enter that world when there are no doors? How can one "praise" what one cannot understand?

Surely I must be exaggerating. Rip thinks. "Why try to understand it all in one gulp? Why try to overtake history? Start slowly, read the leading fiction bestseller. Escape for a while." He picks up *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. The story of a what? Of a goldam bird? His eye roves to the self-help books. Here's one: *Primal Scream*. He tries it.

The air is cool in the police car, and the cops, although jittery, relax when they see that their passenger is unarmed. They have their own stories to tell, of new ambush attacks and of strong desires for shotguns to repel something they call the Black Liberation Army. But after they listen to their passenger's story, there is a quiet in the car, and there is no further attempt to educate the new Rip Van Winkle. There is no attempt to go to the station. Rip is, suddenly, a free man all over again, and, stuttering, he tries to find praise. Praise for his country, for an America that, despite all the staggering changes, somehow is still America. There is, finally, only one way. "Where to?" asks the driver. Rip looks out the window for a long, lonely moment trying to remember something. "Home," he says.

■ Stefan Kanfer

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MONEY

Suddenly, a Case of Jitters

All signs continue to point to a banner year for U.S. business in 1973—but quite suddenly politicians, investors and economists both at home and abroad have developed a case of jitters about the American economy. Domestically, there is fear of a new surge of inflation. Otto Eckstein, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, predicts that consumer prices, pushed up largely by food costs, may rise at an annual rate of 6% this quarter. Certainly fat increases in retail food costs are in store for the months ahead. Meanwhile, bankers and investors worry about a credit squeeze: Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns disclosed last week that the growth of U.S. money supply had ground to a complete stop in January. Interest rates on bank loans to businesses are being kept from rising still higher only by strenuous Government jawboning. Internationally, the dollar took a severe battering last week, in yet another world monetary crisis. It is likely that other major currencies will rise in value over the next several months, leading to a *de facto* devaluation of the dollar. Reacting to all this turbulence, the stock market, that super-sensitive barometer of economic psychology, continued to drop. The Dow Jones industrial average has fallen

en 72 points in a month from its all-time high of 1052. For all that, the problems may well turn out to be transitory, and 1973 still "can be a great year," as President Nixon has said—but the new turmoil indicates that it will not be very tranquil.

Away from Freedom

The monetary crisis that erupted last week was not the worst on record, but it was surely one of the most disturbing. It exposed the U.S. dollar as still alarmingly weak—at a time when it might logically be expected to gain strength. It also showed that the whole world monetary system is still ominously unstable, for all the progress supposedly being made toward reform. Worst of all, the crisis seemed to be the first in a new series of financial storms of the type that nations try to quiet by curbing the freedom of money movement from one country to another.

The dollar might be figured to be strong because inflation lately has been lower in the U.S. than in most other industrial countries. But the U.S. continues to buy much more abroad than it sells. Foreign money men have been especially distressed by news that the U.S. trade deficit rose to \$6.4 billion last year, about triple the 1971 figure; despite the late-1971 devaluation of the dollar. Past U.S. spending for foreign aid, military outlays, tourism and investment has spilled out abroad a pool of about \$60 billion that sloshes repeatedly from country to country. Holders of those dollars are nervous enough about their value that almost any news can set them to switching their money around.

The latest trouble began building in late January with a minor event: Italy set new exchange rules for the lira. Fearing that the value of their money would drop, many Italians sold lire for dollars, then exchanged the dollars for Swiss francs. The inflow of dollars panicked Swiss authorities, who stopped buying up the greenbacks; the dollar's price in Swiss francs dropped 7%. That did it. Bankers, Arab oil sheiks and treasurers of multinational corporations feared that the U.S. currency would fall against the German mark and the Japanese yen as well; they unloaded their dollars in staggering quantities. The West German Bundesbank had to buy more than \$6 billion in six days to keep the price from falling below the floor of 3.15 marks set by international agreement. The Bank of Japan was forced to swallow more than \$1 billion.

By week's end the probable reso-

lution of the crisis was still not clear. Another round of anxious international consultations got under way.

The White House sent former Commerce Secretary Peter Peterson on a trip to Europe to convey U.S. concern about the money storm. The German and Japanese governments were struggling hard to keep the prices of their currencies from rising, because that would hurt exporters, who supply many jobs. But the Bundesbank cannot keep buying dollars at the present pace very long. If the speculative storm does not subside soon, the Germans may have to float or revalue their mark upward for the third time in 40 months.

Robert Triffin, an international financial expert and a member of TIME's Board of Economists, foresees a whole round of currency changes occurring at any time from the next few days to eight months from now. He predicts an increase of roughly 10% in the value of the Japanese yen, a 5% to 10% upward revaluation of the mark, other revaluations for the Dutch guilder, Austrian schilling and Belgian franc. Because the dollar then would be worth less against these currencies, the result would be a further devaluation of the dollar averaging about 5%.

Worst Aspect. Devaluation of the dollar would not necessarily be bad for the U.S. Prices of such items as Löwenbräu beer and Sony TVs would rise, but American exports would become cheaper for foreigners to buy. Trouble is, new currency changes might not be enough to defer further crises, because revaluations and devaluations can take a long time to make their effects felt. Many U.S. exports are high-technology products—computers and jetliners, for example—that do not always realize a quick increase in sales when the price comes down. Many U.S. imports, such as inexpensive radios, have little domestic competition and do not suffer a swift sales slide when prices rise. Thus, it is easy to foresee a sequence in which new currency realignments would disappear dollar holders by not changing the basic situation quickly enough. Triffin gloomily foresees a period of "two or three dollar crises a year."

The worst aspect of repeated crises is that each one seems to end with a little—or sometimes a lot—less freedom for the international movement of capital and goods. Foreign countries are erecting an elaborate network of controls to keep out unwanted dollars. Germany has announced an especially tough set of rules sharply restricting the ability of Germans to borrow money abroad and of foreign countries to invest in Germany. Though such controls are supposed to be temporary, there is a natural tendency to extend and tighten them with each monetary crisis. Former German Economics and Finance



NEWLY PRINTED DOLLARS IN WASHINGTON
Turmoil in "a great year."



MONETARY EXPERT TRIFFIN

Two or three crises a year.

Minister Karl Schiller warns that the eventual result could be a border search of travelers' wallets and briefcases for forbidden dollars. In the U.S., Nixon Administration officials are discussing imposing a special surcharge on imports if the American trade balance does not improve soon. The surcharge would be keyed to the size of the U.S. deficit in trade with each country, making it high even on Japanese goods.

In an effort to break the cycle of crises and controls, Treasury Secretary George Shultz last fall put forward a comprehensive reform plan. The dollar would gradually be replaced as the world's chief reserve currency by Special Drawing Rights issued by the International Monetary Fund. Among other things, that might enable the fund to buy up for SDRs the \$60 billion or so of foreign-held dollars that are moving around and causing trouble. In addition, countries like Japan, which run persistent surpluses in dealings with the rest of the world, and those that run steady deficits, like the U.S., would be obliged to move toward a balance by changing either their trade practices or the value of their currency.

Shultz's plan is now being discussed by a committee of 20 nations, but full agreement is felt to be about two years away. Faster progress must be made. Otherwise, the new financial system that nations are groping toward could turn out to be a system of capital and trade restrictions splitting the world into economically isolationist compartments.

CREDIT

Swinging the Big Stick

As Harvard Dean John Dunlop was being sworn in as director of the Cost of Living Council last week, President Nixon pointed to a closet door in his Oval Office. "There's a stick in the closet, a very big stick," he said, "and I will never hesitate to use it in our fight against higher prices and higher taxes."

With that threat of action against wage and price raisers, Nixon was trying to calm fears that his month-old Phase III is a retreat from the fight against inflation. To help make the point, two of the most powerful men in Government took the stick out of the closet last week and started swinging.

Treasury Secretary George Shultz warned a group of oil-company executives at a COLC hearing that the Government might roll back recent increases in the cost of home heating oil. Since mid-January, these prices have gone up as much as 9%. Oil executives say that the increases are a consequence of rising demand, dwindling energy supplies and increasingly stringent environmental regulations that have shifted consumption to low-sulfur oil. The COLC has asked oil companies to submit data this week justifying the price increases.

Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns brandished the stick at four Eastern banks that had raised their prime interest rates from 6½% to 6¾%. Burns sent telegrams demanding figures to support the increase. Within three days, officers of three of the banks—the Bank of New York, Manhattan's Franklin National Bank and Philadelphia's Girard Bank—changed their minds. The one holdout, perhaps temporarily, was Philadelphia's First Pennsylvania Banking and Trust Co.

Bitter Pill. The toughest confrontation was between Burns and the First National City Bank of New York. Citibank's chairman, Walter Wriston, and its president, William Spencer, talked with Burns in separate arm-twisting sessions. With great reluctance, they agreed not to raise the prime rate to 6¾% as they had contemplated. The bank issued a hard-edged statement that the base rate, which previously was determined by the free market, is now being administered by the federal authorities. "All this was a particularly bitter pill for Wriston, who is a member of the Cost of Living Council's advisory committee and an important idea man behind Phase III. For many months he has been advising President Nixon to dump fixed guidelines for wage, price or interest-rate increases.

Lost the bankers show any urge to fight for much higher interest rates. Burns has warned them that the Government could always impose mandatory controls on rates. Also, the Federal Reserve can veto bank mergers and acquisitions. Burns is unlikely to use that power in direct retaliation, but the bankers do not want to antagonize him, particularly at a time when they have many acquisitions in the works. Instead of raising the prime now, bankers are likely to offer the 6½% rate to fewer borrowers. Or, as Economist Milton Friedman quips, the prime rate is the rate at which banks will refuse to lend money to their best customers. Charges for other kinds of short-term credit—Treasury bills, federal funds, 90- and 180-day commercial paper—will keep edging

upward. Rates are rising because loan demand is increasing.

Rising interest rates are regarded by stock investors with alarm. The recent drop in the stock market has been caused by the dollar's weakness abroad and inflation fears in Phase III—but most of Wall Street's anxiety can be linked to rising interest rates. Tight credit can drag on the economy, and high rates on bonds can attract available funds, driving down stock prices.

Wall Street is probably overdoing its pessimism. Interest rates are not likely to rise high enough to produce a serious credit squeeze, as they did in 1966 and 1969. Alan Greenspan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, predicts that short-term rates will taper off in



FEDERAL RESERVE CHAIRMAN BURNS

Bitter pill for Citibank.

the autumn after peaking at about 7½% for Treasury bills. The Federal Reserve expanded the money supply by a healthy but temperate 7.4% from the fourth quarter of 1971 to the same period last year. Burns appears willing to moderate that growth rate only slightly this year. In December, the money supply soared by 13.3%, but Burns announced last week that it increased "by about zero" in January, the first sharp halt since November 1971. The standstill was probably not intentional, since it is difficult for the Federal Reserve to control the money supply precisely.

In any case, it will be many months before such long-term rates as home mortgages and consumer finance charges will be affected by the rise. Banks and savings and loan associations still have no shortage of lendable money for housing. Most likely, economic expansion during the rest of 1973 will also show itself largely immune to those palpitations. A more pressing concern will be to keep the boom from getting out of hand. By letting other short-term interest rates creep up while he jabs bones the prime, Dr. Burns may be trying to tilt that prescription.

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MUTILATED BODY OF ASSASSINATION VICTIM

THE WORLD

NORTHERN IRELAND

Renewal of a Vicious War

AFTER four years of civil unrest and more than 700 violent deaths, the troubles in Northern Ireland had seemed, for a few weeks at the beginning of the year, to be receding at last. The persistent and truculent tribalism that for so long had gripped that meanest corner of the British Isles seemed to be giving way if not to reason then to fatigue, or to an instinctive will on the part of the community to preserve something of itself.

But then, in two terrible weeks, the terrorism broke out again more savagely than ever. Once again Northern Ireland seemed to be drifting toward civil war, its population helplessly caught between two bands of extremists who practiced slaughter in the name of their religion.

This time, for what it was worth, the blame for the outburst of violence could be leveled at the Protestant side: the long-feared backlash was a fact at last. For the British army, the renewed violence created a second front, a vicious situation in which its men were being shot at by both Protestant and Catholic extremists. The flare-up caused the British government to order yet another round of troop reinforcements for Northern Ireland. It remained to be seen whether, in the long run, the two-sided sniping at Britain's army would lead British public opinion to conclude that the best solution might be to get out of the place once and for all.

What set off the new bloodshed? Like almost every event in Ulster, it was mindlessly linked to some unavenged deed from the past. Two weeks ago, a

group of Protestants had tossed a grenade at a busload of Catholic workers, killing one (TIME, Feb. 12). The British government placed two Protestants involved in the incident in detention—a technique previously reserved for gunmen and bombers of the outlawed Irish Republican Army. So the Protestants reacted—at the detention, in part, but also because of their fears that the British were going to “sell out” to the Catholics in a forthcoming White Paper that will outline Westminster's hopes for settling the civil war. This in turn led to a bloody weekend in which seven Catholics and three Protestants were killed, and 22 civilians were wounded.

Last week Ulster's Protestant extremists called a 24-hour general strike under the auspices of a newly formed organization called the United Loyalist Council. “There is going to be no more pussyfooting,” cried the council's chairman, William (“King Billy”) Craig, who has a way of turning up at the head of militant Protestant groups. “The strike will be a show of force and determination.”

Burying the Dead. In fact, it turned out to be the occasion for some of the most blatant attacks against the Catholic community in the four-year history of the troubles. Protestant gunmen fired indiscriminately on a funeral procession of several hundred Catholics who were following the coffins of three suspected members of the I.R.A. who had been killed a few days earlier by British troops. The shots wounded a middle-aged man and an eleven-year-old boy. “They won't even let us bury

our dead,” cried a Catholic woman.

Elsewhere in Belfast that same afternoon, a convent and a Catholic school for handicapped children were attacked by mobs hurling stones, bricks and bottles. A Catholic church and parish house were broken into and ransacked, their religious statues smashed. Three Catholic families in Protestant areas were fire-bombed from their homes. The day left five dead, including a fireman who was shot in the chest as he arrived to fight a blaze in Sandy Row, a Protestant section of South Belfast. Tom Herron, vice chairman of the Ulster Defense Association (U.D.A.), largest of the militant Protestant organizations, brazenly declared that the day's success had been spoiled only by the British army's “indiscriminate fire on men, women and children.”

Last week's violence demonstrated to what extent the balance of extremist power has shifted in recent months. The British army's tough campaign against the I.R.A. has left the organization vulnerable and in disarray. Says one British army officer: “We are on top of them to the point where if they leave their house with a rifle in their hands and turn the corner, they run into us.” The I.R.A. also seems to be running short on promising recruits. “We aren't picking up gunmen any more,” says the same officer. “We are getting gunboys. They are hardly worth interrogating.”

While the strength of the I.R.A. has declined, the Protestant organizations have grown larger and bolder. Since December, the “sectarian” killings that had long seemed to be an expression of ran-



SECRETARY OF STATE WILLIAM WHITELOW
No one is above the law.

dom aggression have taken on a more perceptible pattern. Often in the past two months they have involved groups of two or three automobiles making hit-and-run attacks in areas that had been considered safe. A few days before the Protestant strike, for instance, a car stopped casually near a spot where a group of Catholics were engaged in a Sunday afternoon hurling match, the Gaelic version of hockey. Suddenly the men in the car sprayed the crowd with machine-gun fire, wounding a young goalkeeper, a teen-age boy and a 14-year-old girl.

British authorities believe that the Ulster Volunteer Force (U.V.F.), which, unlike the U.D.A., is an illegal organization, took part in the bus bombing incident two weeks ago. Certainly it has become more visible lately. Even as William Craig blandly denied at a press conference last week that the U.V.F. played any role in the new United Loyalist Council, a U.V.F. representative sat in plain view behind him.

Late last week, in a determined effort to head off any drift toward a two-front war, British authorities took eight more Protestants into custody. In the strongest language he has yet used against Ulster's "loyalists," William Whitelaw, Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, denounced the strike and its organizers. "Let us be quite clear," he said. "No one, no matter who he thinks he is, no matter how loud he shouts, is above the law." He made it clear that the British government would press ahead with its plans for a referendum on reunification and on the White Paper. He also dismissed suggestions that the prospect of having the British army under attack by both sides in Ulster would lead to a decisive change in his government's policy. "The British will never betray Northern Ireland," he said grimly. "It can only betray itself."

MIDDLE EAST

Getting Almost All Points of View

THIS is sort of Middle East month," said President Nixon last week as he welcomed King Hussein of Jordan to the White House. "First you, and then in March Mrs. Meir. It helps to get all points of view." Nixon's reference could have been more adroitly phrased; neither Hussein nor Israeli Premier Golda Meir particularly enjoys being characterized as Washington's Middle Eastern belligerent-of-the-week. But by and large, the implication was correct. The visits by the two leaders, only three weeks apart, were a sharp reminder to the U.S. that there is another crisis area in the world that demands attention.

The Middle East deserves priority rating for several reasons. One is that the U.S. and other Western nations are suffering from an energy crisis that threatens to deplete their oil supplies; the Arab nations control much of the world's oil reserves—a factor that must shape foreign policy planning to some extent. Beyond that, the Middle East is a logical area in which to extend the Nixon-Kissinger doctrine of peace through power balances, especially since the Soviet Union is also a presence in the region. "After Nixon's success in Viet Nam," said an Israeli diplomat last week, "all of Washington is becoming Metternichized."

The adversaries in the Middle East's no-war, no-peace stalemate agree that peace cannot come unless the major powers will it. They believe that any real breakthrough will appear only after Nixon and Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev confer later this year in Washington. Therefore, in addition to being shopping trips for additional U.S. military or economic aid, both Hussein's and Mrs. Meir's visits were designed to lay the groundwork for that later call.

Hussein, who was accompanied to the U.S. by his lissome new wife Aliya sought to draw Nixon's attention to a recent mood of conciliation among Arabs, who for the moment feel that they cannot defeat Israel militarily. Before leaving Amman, the King patched up his long-running quarrel with Egypt and Syria over the status of the Palestinian fedayeen in Jordan, at a meeting of the Arab League Defense Council. As long as the fedayeen are kept in check, Hussein would agree to the re-establishment of the Eastern Front, a largely meaningless unification of Arab armies under Egyptian command on Israel's border with Jordan. The King also got Syria and Egypt to agree that neither would undercut him if he suggested in Washington that the Arabs might finally recognize Israel in return for their occupied territories.

In an article for the *Times* of London last week, writing in anticipation of his U.S. visit, Hussein for the first time announced that he would be willing to grant independence to the West Bank, the area west of the Jordan River captured by Israeli troops during the Six-Day War. Once Israel returned the area, Hussein would be agreeable to a plebiscite of its Arab population. He thereby appeared ready to cede a chunk of his kingdom and a quarter of his population in return for peace and Arab economic support. But he had hardly begun his Washington rounds when Israel seemed to knock down his offer.

Even though he described Hussein's Washington visit as "a very positive move," Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan went on to insist that the West Bank "is our homeland, and I think that the Israeli government should have a peace agreement, when it comes, that

HUSSEIN & NIXON DISCUSSING MIDDLE EAST PROBLEMS AT THE WHITE HOUSE



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We even made it easier on you when you turn on the set. You get sound and picture in seconds. We call it our Quick-Pic fast warm-up.

Now what good is all this if something should go wrong, right? Well, we designed our 5 modular circuit panels so they plug in and out of the chassis in minutes. And that makes most repairs easier:

With all this, you'd expect the price to give you trouble. But not at JCPenney. Shouldn't there be a JCPenney solid-state Color TV in your future?

Available at most large JCPenney stores. Prices slightly higher in Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

*Simulated color pictures.

Then there's our new improved Chroma-Loc,* a sophisticated color-control system that helps give you good balanced color and tint at all times. The Contrast Control, Fine Tuning and Color Purifier circuits are all automatic, too.

Our Chroma-Brite® black matrix picture tube gives clear, stunningly brilliant color in both our 17" and 19" models (screens measured diagonally).



**Our Chroma-Loc corrects a sourpuss
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419⁹⁵ 19" portable
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We know what you're looking for.

The plain truth about your sweet tooth

Do you recall the messages we brought you in the past about sugar? How something with sugar in it before meals could help you curb your appetite?

We hope you didn't get the idea that our little diet tip was any magic formula for losing weight. Because there are no tricks, or shortcuts, the whole diet subject is very complicated. Research hasn't established that consuming sugar before meals will contribute to weight reduction or even keep you from gaining weight.

But if sugar isn't thinning, it isn't fattening either.

Because no food, in and of itself, is fattening. (And sugar is most definitely a good and useful food.) You'll gain weight if you consistently take in more calories than you need for energy. You'll lose weight if you consistently take in less calories than you burn up.

But whether you're gaining or losing, you should take in a balanced diet, and that's where sugar comes in.

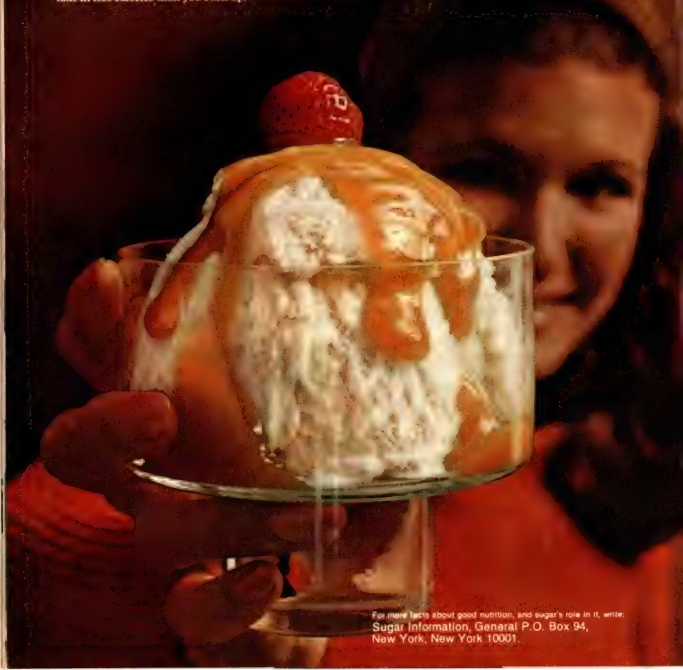
You need vitamins, minerals, proteins, fats and carbohydrates. And it just so happens that sugar is the best tasting carbohydrate.

It's a food you enjoy. A food that is absorbed into your bloodstream rapidly so it helps you bounce back.

And that good natural sweetness gives you a sense of satisfaction and well-being. A nice little psychological lift.

You want to lose weight? Your doctor will tell you to exercise more and eat less, but stick with a balanced diet. And sugar, in moderation, has a place in a diet like that.

Sugar. It isn't just good flavor; it's good food.



For more facts about good nutrition, and sugar's role in it, write:
Sugar Information, General P.O. Box 94,
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would [give us] the right to settle everywhere in the West Bank."

Premier Meir told TIME Correspondent William Marmon that she would oppose independence for the West Bank if the topic arose during her Washington visit. One reason is that Israel considers the West Bank a buffer for Israeli security. With independence, the area might again become a launching pad for attacks by unreconstructed Palestinian guerrillas.

While in Washington, Hussein sought additional jet fighters as well as other military aid from the U.S. Strange as it might seem, Israel had no objections to his request. Jordan actually is an even bigger buffer than the West Bank; as long as Hussein stays on the throne, one of Israel's longest borders is peaceful and neutralized. On her trip to the U.S. next month, however, Mrs. Meir will be seeking much more in the way of military equipment. In addition to extra Phantoms, which are faster and more heavily armed than the F-5Es that the U.S. is supplying Hussein, Israel seeks Skyhawk jet bombers, tanks and helicopters to develop air-mobile paratrooper units.

Key. Ultimately, Jordan is not the principal force that either the U.S. or Israel has to reckon with: the Egyptians are still the key to peace in the Middle East. Israel, which has some Metternichian ideas of its own about peace, firmly believes that only its military might and toughness in negotiations have kept the area peaceful for almost three years in the absence of a formal treaty. Israel's territorial imperatives, therefore, are largely unchanged. Mrs. Meir told Marmon that withdrawal from much of Sinai and the West Bank, and the return of the West Bank to Jordanian sovereignty with Israeli outposts, is negotiable. But Israel will not withdraw anywhere else. "I can't imagine any Israeli so mad as to come down completely from the Golan Heights," she said. "Sharm el Sheikh is of absolutely no value to the Egyptians except to block Israeli shipping. For us it is a lifeline to Africa and Asia."

As for Hussein's hope of recovering East Jerusalem in return for peace with Israel, Mrs. Meir insisted: "It doesn't matter how you coat it. Arab sovereignty in Jerusalem just cannot be. This city will not be divided—not half and half, not 60-40, not 75-25, nothing. The only way we will lose Jerusalem is if we lose a war, and then we lose all of it."

The U.S. if it hopes to find peace at all in the Middle East, must therefore concentrate not on Hussein, but on Egypt. The immediate hope of American diplomats is to reopen the Suez Canal through "proximity talks" between Israel and Egypt. With Israel still in an intransigent mood about giving up occupied territory, the outlook for such talks last week was bleak. "We are looking for new means," said one U.S. official involved in the discussions, "but so far we have not found them."

JAPAN

Communications Gap

Describing relations between the U.S. and Europe recently, Japan's Foreign Minister Masayoshi Ohira somewhat enigmatically mused: "Blood is thicker than water." As for U.S. relations with Japan, Ohira added ruefully: "It takes twice the effort to even comprehend each other."

As a matter of fact, Tokyo is beginning to wonder these days if Washington has any desire to communicate at all with the country it has so frequently trumpeted as "our most important ally in Asia." The Nixon *shokku* of 1971, when former Premier Eisaku Sato was told of Washington's dramatic policy shift on China only three minutes before it became public, was bad enough. But now the American failure

LESTER SCHWARTZ



FOREIGN MINISTER OHIRA
Blood is thicker than water.

to consult—and include—Japan on post-Viet Nam policy has aroused deep doubts concerning the sincerity of public U.S. pronouncements that Japan should play an active role as one of the pillars of peace in Asia.

First came Tokyo's belated discovery that it had been excluded from the international guarantee conference on Viet Nam, which will convene in Paris Feb. 26. Hanoi, Japan was told, had objected to its participation because it had allowed the U.S. to use Japanese bases in connection with the war. Although that was certainly true, it struck the Japanese as a strange argument for the Americans to use in explaining the lack of any consultation on the matter. Japan had also made known its willingness to foot 50% of the \$2 billion multinational reconstruction fund for Viet Nam.

The most recent cause of Japanese annoyance was U.S. Ambassador Rob-

ert Ingersoll's advice to the Foreign Ministry that an already announced Japanese mission to Hanoi—to discuss economic assistance and the possibility of establishing diplomatic relations—should be postponed until Henry Kissinger had been there first. What the Nixon Administration seemingly fails to understand about Japan is that moves like sending an emissary to Hanoi are viewed as politically necessary for the Liberal Democratic government if it is to uphold the U.S.-Japan security treaty against the mounting challenge of left-wing opposition.

Says one of Premier Kakuei Tanaka's advisers: "The Americans have fallen into the habit of taking the Japanese for granted because they have taken for granted that they will always be governed by the Liberal Democratic Party. They had better wake up to the fact that the L.D.P. is now in trouble. And when the L.D.P. is in trouble, it means the U.S.-Japan security treaty is in trouble too. Think about it."

There is a measure of special pleading in that argument for the embattled Tanaka, whose honeymoon with the voters is clearly over (TIME, Jan. 29). Moreover, Washington feels rather strongly that Tokyo often does not seem to be listening to its problems. Whether true or not, there is no doubt that the diplomatic communications gap comes at an awkward time. It coincides ominously with the threat of a U.S.-Japanese economic confrontation, as dramatized by the dollar crisis and the warnings of U.S. Trade Negotiator William D. Eberle that Congress might impose an import surcharge if Japan does not do more to reduce its lopsided trade surplus with the U.S.

SOVIET UNION

Agriculture Scapegoats

The U.S.S.R.'s perennial agricultural crisis has once again taken its toll in fall galls. This time the Kremlin abruptly removed Vladimir Matskevich, 63, as Minister of Agriculture. A two-time loser, Matskevich had been fired from the same job in 1960 for "mismanagement," then shunted off to be chairman of Nikita Khrushchev's much criticized "virgin lands" project before being restored to the agriculture ministry five years later. Earlier this month *Izvestia* reported that Sergei Shevchenko, the ministry official in charge of farm machinery, had also been discharged for "violating state discipline"—Soviet jargon for quarreling with the boss or gross incompetence. Sovietologists predicted other top agriculture officials would also lose their jobs.

Although the Soviet Union's capricious weather and its inefficient collective farm system are the basic causes for crop failures, such scapegoats as Matskevich and Shevchenko serve handsomely to divert public discontent away

THE WORLD

from top Kremlin leaders. And shortages in 1972 of basic foodstuffs provided ample grounds for discontent, as citizens queued for bread in major Soviet cities last fall (TIME, Oct. 30). A recent Soviet statistical report showed that grain production fell 30 million tons below expectations in 1972, while the potato crop was down 14.5 million tons. That disaster forced the Soviets to contract for \$2 billion worth of agricultural products from the U.S., Canada and other countries, temporarily relieving shortages.

Prospects for the 1973 harvest look almost as dismal. A virtually snowless winter has deprived huge areas in central and western Russia of the snow



MATSKEVICH & AMERICAN FRIEND*
Paying for bad weather.

cover that ordinarily protects grain from killing frost. Massive planting this spring is scarcely expected to make up for the damage to winter wheat, which might force the Kremlin to turn to the West again for heavy imports of grain.

Matskevich's successor turned out to be First Deputy Premier Dmitri Polyansky, 55, who has had overall policy charge of agriculture for several years in the Politburo, but now assumes daily operational control of the Soviet Union's \$100 billion investment in farms. Some specialists view his appointment as a demotion. They speculate that it may be a canny move to unseat him from the Politburo altogether, reflecting an obscure Kremlin power struggle.

"If Polyansky accomplishes anything," says a top U.S. State Department expert, "it will have taken a miracle." English Kremlinologist Robert Conquest thinks that Polyansky, a former protégé of Khrushchev's, has been maneuvered into a position of "succeed or else." Says Conquest: "Since he can't succeed, he will be the next fall guy."

*Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, in Moscow last year during grain-purchase negotiations.

COMMON MARKET

Black Day in Brussels

Osborne House, located opposite Common Market headquarters in Brussels, is a shop that specializes in providing British delicacies for Englishmen who would like a homey respite from the rigorous riches of continental cuisine. There can be found Frank Cooper's Vintage Oxford Marmalade, shortback Wiltshire bacon and Gentlemen's Relish, as well as Stilton, Cheshire, Caerphilly and Wensleydale cheeses. Until recently Osborne House also carried Melton Mowbray pork pies and hangers (sausages), but to mention Rose's Lime Juice, without which no true Englishman can survive abroad.

Not any more. In an uncharacteristic burst of zeal, Belgian customs officials have lately taken to strict enforcement of the fiendishly exact regulations drawn up by the Belgian government and the EEC, concerning the quality of ingredients in food and beverage imports, something they seldom did in the days before Britain entered the EEC. Ronald Davidson, owner of Osborne House, has pleaded that the pork pies fit into the allowed category of *pâté en croûte*, that his sausages are really *hou-din blanc*, and that Rose's Lime Juice is a permissible fruit extract. But the continental customs men—to whom a British delicacy is a contradiction in terms, anyway—have turned a deaf ear.

So has the EEC. "If Osborne House believes it has a genuine case," says one Dutch-born Eurocrat, "the British government can lodge a formal protest in Brussels." Formal protest notwithstanding, some of Davidson's customers have grown so desperate that they are bringing in their own vital supplies, raising the specter of a black market in pork pies and lime juice.

"Why on earth did we join?" asks one English expatriate in exasperation. "That bunch in the Common Market is making life harder, not easier. The next thing you know they'll be tampering with English beer." Little does he know. English beer, along with European brews, is already the subject of an EEC investigation to determine whether additives like stabilizers (used to prevent frothing during shipment) should be allowed. If the decision is no, Whitbread's, Bass and Watney's could also be banned from the Common Market.

BRITAIN

C's Busted Cover

The director of Britain's Secret Intelligence Service, popularly known as M16, has always been referred to by his in-the-know colleagues as "C." The practice is said to date back to the department's first director, Sir Mansfield Cumming, who insisted on it for the sake of anonymity. Sir Mansfield, who

died in 1923, passed the initial on to his successors. To the British press, on the other hand, the director of M16 is usually referred to as "M"—as in the James Bond thrillers.

By tradition, nobody outside the service was supposed to know C's real name: the British government maintained the official camouflage by dissuading the press from ever printing the identity of the M16 director, under threat of enacting the dire provisions of the Official Secrets Act. Nonetheless, newsmen, diplomats, foreign spies, and presumably even the waiters at his London clubs (Brook's and Bath) were aware that for the past four years C was a colorless civil servant named Sir John



RENNIE (LEFT), WITH RUSSIAN FRIEND*
Compromising the director.

Ogilvy Rennie, 59, with the innocuous title of Deputy Undersecretary of State.

Last week C's cover was blown under curious circumstances. Charles Tatham Ogilvy Rennie, 25, and his wife Christine, 23, were hauled into the Old Bailey on a narcotics charge. The government, for security reasons, invoked the "D" (for defense) Notice arrangement, under which the British press voluntarily censors news items that are potentially harmful to security. The German magazine *Stern*, however, not only named him but explained the reason for the secrecy by identifying Sir John as Charles Rennie's father and explaining what the son had done.

The case clearly did not affect national security. It did, though, revive old arguments in Britain that the secrecy surrounding C's identity is pointless and the country's top spy might as well be identified routinely in the same way that the director of the CIA or Russia's KGB is. The debate is unlikely to affect Sir John. He has moved his retirement ahead eleven months, apparently because he feels compromised by the incident.

*Anatoliy Gromysky, son of the Soviet Foreign Minister.

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Our ignition system is the same as the Porsche 911's. Which means the same steadfast reliability. So you get quick starts.

Then there's our headroom and legroom which is just about the same as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow's.

And our trunk space which is the same as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV's.

We've got an independent front suspension system like the Aston Martin. To give you peace of mind as well as peace of body.

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And as for our service, we've got the same kind of finicky mechanics and the same easy availability of parts that Volkswagen is known for.

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With all these years of experience under our belt, with the incredible craftsmanship and impeccable engineering, with the painstaking attitude of constantly trying to improve, it's no wonder that the Audi has become one of the most extraordinary cars in the world.

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It's a lot of cars for the money.

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FRANCE

Fugitive Francs

Ever since the French Revolution, the specter of a militantly left-wing government has periodically caused wealthy Frenchmen to dispatch their gold and cash to safe harbors abroad. This year an unknown number of businesses, and *petits bourgeois* have been illegally transferring their liquid assets to Switzerland, Liechtenstein and other countries with strong currencies and discreet bankers. The reason for this seemingly flight of capital was explained by a recent public opinion poll. It showed that President Georges Pompidou's Gaullists and their allies were fast losing ground to the Communist-Socialist coalition in next month's parliamentary election. If they are voted in, the left-wing parties are committed to nationalizing private French banks, insurance companies and many of the nation's largest industries. The prospect has already driven hundreds of millions of francs out of France since December.

Although the mentality of French moneybags seems to have changed little since the Revolution, the methods of exporting capital have. Shortly after the fall of the Bastille in 1789, for instance, the Duc de Miroir prudently smuggled out 500,000 livres (about \$1,000,000) by horse-drawn carriage. Today planes, cars and sophisticated financial hanky-panky are the vehicles used. Businessmen are stashing their hoarded gold and cash in their Citroëns and driving across the Swiss frontier. They run the risk of discovery and confiscation, but as a customs officer at the border post of Ferney-Voltaire puts it, "We cannot take every car apart."

The more fainthearted French employ the services of airborne *passeurs* (roughly, smugglers), who take 1% of the money transmitted as a fee. Several

times a week, for example, a single-engine Cessna from a field in Switzerland lands on a French meadow where cows are peacefully grazing. Awaiting it is a Frenchman, who gives the pilot a suitcase loaded with gold or cash. The plane returns to Switzerland; at the same time, the Frenchman proceeds to Switzerland with a few hundred francs in his pocket for the satisfaction of customs inspectors. Once across the border, he recovers his money from the pilot and deposits it in a Swiss bank account.

Tax Free. Corporations are also trying to evade the restrictions on currency exports. Larger and more complex transactions by companies involve paying excessive prices for imported goods, then having the surplus payment deposited in a Swiss bank, tax free. Inversely, companies may sell exports for less than their value. The foreign buyers deposit the difference to the credit of the exporters. Another variation is selling commodities abroad and getting paid through hard-to-trace foreign subsidiaries. The profits thus squirreled away may be reinvested to earn interest while avoiding French taxes.

The fugitive franc is fast becoming a political issue in the election campaigns. The leftist coalition has promised to halt the flow of French capital abroad—a threat that merely sends more money than ever rushing across the border. It has also vowed to crack down on tax evasion, an issue that is not of much help to the Gaullists these days. Last week the wife of a tax inspector who has been charged with fraud insisted that the government look into the income tax returns of three former Cabinet ministers. The politicians promptly sued for libel, but even the cautious Paris daily *Le Monde* felt compelled to ask for an investigation of "this affair, which is not only dangerous for the Gaullist majority, but discredits the regime and besmirches the state."



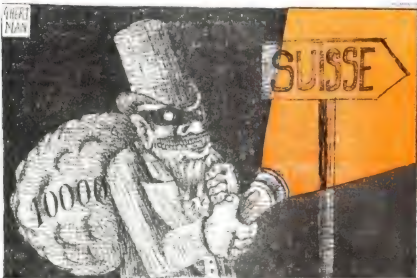
PINAY WALKING DOG

The Non-Ombudsman

The French have a genius for creating bureaucracy but not, it would seem, for attacking it. A case in point is the nation's first ombudsman, recently appointed by President Georges Pompidou. On paper, this officer has great freedom and latitude to "improve the relationship between citizens and government administrations." In fact, he will be so tangled in red tape that he will be virtually unable to function.

The *médiateur*, as the ombudsman is called, will be assisted by a dozen high-ranking civil servants, who are, of course, bureaucrats. Unlike the Swedes or Norwegians, who can complain directly to their ombudsmen, Frenchmen who feel mistreated by their government will find a wall of nearly 1,000 Deputies and Senators between them and their *médiateur*. These politicians will pass complaints to the ombudsman only if they consider them worthy of his attention. Not surprisingly, the arrangement does not please the politicians, one of whom grumped that the new post was "turning us into letter boxes."

Pompidou's choice of ombudsman has been greeted with hostility and hilarity. Out of retirement came 81-year-old former Premier Antoine Pinay, a cautious conservative who is remembered chiefly as the "savior of the franc" while serving as De Gaulle's Finance Minister. Critics charge that Pinay's appointment is purely political; he is honorary president of the *Republicains Indépendants*, the Gaullists' chief allies in government. "We would have taken him more seriously," remarked the satirical magazine *Le Canard Enchaîné*, "if he had been five or six years older." Noting that Pinay starts his six-year, \$28,000-a-year job in early April, the *Canard* quipped: "We would have bet on April Fools' Day."



A FRENCH COMMUNIST VIEW OF FRANCS BEING SMUGGLED TO SWITZERLAND



DURBAN POLICE BEATING STRIKER

SOUTH AFRICA

Usutu!

In the land of *apartheid*, where the will of the minority is reinforced by the rule of law and the mightiest military arsenal south of the Sahara, an ever-present nightmare for the country's 4,000,000 whites is the possibility, however remote, of a revolt by South Africa's 16 million repressed blacks. Even an illegal strike by black workers for higher wages can send tremors through the country. Last week South Africa was quaking slightly, after a series of strikes that crippled the port city of Durban.

Among the 50,000 black strikers, the majority of them Zulu tribesmen, were 16,000 Durban municipal employees; their walkout caused litter to pile up in the streets and forced white housewives to perform the unaccustomed task of carting away their own garbage. At nearby Hammarsdale, where 7,000 blacks left their jobs, a crowd of 200 was dispersed by police with tear gas after the demonstrators had brandished clubs and chanted "*Usutu!*", a traditional Zulu war cry.

White authorities feared that the Durban strikes would spread to other cities and particularly to the economically vital minefields, where the average white worker earns \$475 a month and the average black receives \$30. "The cry to raise wages is not peculiar to Durban," said Drake Koka, general secretary of the Black Allied Workers Union, calling for a "total overhaul of the South African labor system."

In Parliament, the opposition United Party described the wide gap between black and white wages as "a source of shame." The tiny Progressive Party's only M.P., Mrs. Helen Suzman, demanded, "How much does it take to agitate a black man who has to live on \$14 a week?" Labor Minister Marais

Viljoen promised that the government would introduce legislation to "encourage" white employers to make greater use of "works committees" to discuss problems with black employees. In a surprisingly conciliatory statement, Prime Minister John Vorster strongly implied that employers had better cooperate. "They should not view their workers merely as units working so many hours a day," he declared, "but also as human beings with a soul."

By the end of the week, many of the Durban strikers were returning to work, but their protest had left its mark on the country. As the *Rand Daily Mail* observed: "The Zulus have brought home to employers that they can no longer get away with appallingly low wages."

DIPLOMACY

The Negotiations Game

Anyone who wanted to create a new parlor game of Negotiations could find a readymade situation in Vienna last week at the preparatory conference on Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions in central Europe. The players: the U.S. and six NATO partners on the one hand, the Soviet Union and four Warsaw Pact countries on the other, plus "observer" nations from both blocs. The goal for the U.S. is to win eventual agreement on balanced troop reduction—that is, proportionately more troops withdrawn from central Europe by the Soviets, who have larger forces there and a shorter distance to travel. Conversely, the Soviets win if they can stall negotiations until Congress impatiently orders a unilateral cut in the 310,000 American contingent in Europe.

The U.S. scored the first point by getting the preparatory talks under way, thus presumably easing congressional pressure for a unilateral cut. The Soviet Union made its countermove even before the talks began in Vienna. It demanded admission of Bulgaria and Rumania as full members rather than as observers, even though they have no troops deployed outside their borders and no Soviet soldiers on their own soil. The Russians also demanded that Hungary be downgraded to observer status, which would leave the four Soviet divisions stationed in that country outside the scope of any agreement.

The West rejected that proposal, but the Soviets countered by suggesting that Italy be invited to participate as a full member, rather than as an observer. That would lead to the inclusion of Italian forces—and possibly the U.S. Sixth Fleet, headquartered in Naples—in any reduction scheme.

As the wrangling continued, the Soviets were slowly amassing points. They will probably win another two-week delay before the preparatory meeting gets around to discussing even a date, agenda and procedural principles for an eventual full-fledged conference.

ARGENTINA

Goodbye, Perón

Last week Argentina's ex-dictator Juan Perón, 77, was heading back to Madrid at the close of a "vacation" trip that had taken him to live countries, including—of all places—Rumania. Actually, since he left Buenos Aires before Christmas—voluntarily this time—

he has been doing more politicking than vacationing. Stopping in Rome before his flight to Rumania, he described members of the military junta of Argentine Strongman Alejandro Lanusse as "beasts." The junta promptly responded by barring Perón from Argentina until a civilian government is re-established. He had planned to campaign this month for his hand-picked candidates in the March general elections.

More irksome to Lanusse than Perón's insults was a campaign slogan—"*Cámpora* in government, Perón in power"—being used by supporters of Héctor Cámpora, the Peronista candidate for President. The government argued that the slogan violated the constitution, which states that the people do not govern except through elected representatives. On that ground, the junta filed suit in the National Electoral Court demanding that Perón's Justicialist Liberation Front, which had been given a good chance to win the election, be dissolved. If that happens, Perón will be left without a legal means of regaining power in Argentina.

The situation, however, worries all other political parties: they fear a repetition of the last presidential election in 1963. At that time, Perón's supporters, threatened with annulment of their ballots, voted blanks, thereby allowing Arturo Illia to win the presidency with 27% of the vote. The bickering that followed led to the takeover by the military, which has ruled ever since.

PERÓN SHEDS A TEAR IN ARGENTINA



The Gimlet

Anyway you like it, but always with Rose's.



One part Rose's Lime Juice. Four or five parts gin or vodka. Or mix it to your taste. Straight up or on the rocks. Alone or in a crowd. At home or away. That's the clean crisp Gimlet. The Rose's Gimlet.

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And because
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thing that makes some owners unhappy is having to pay cash for service work. So Ford Motor Company and over 6,000 participating Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers have done something about it.

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We know that sometimes a problem can't be solved at the dealership. Then you or the dealer should get in touch with the Ford Customer Service Division.

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**Our goal:
No unhappy owners.**



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(we listen better)



PEOPLE

One of the greatest collections of modern paintings has been jealously guarded from Western eyes for 50 years by the Soviet Union. Now 41 of these masterpieces from the Hermitage in Leningrad and the Pushkin Museum in Moscow are coming on loan to the U.S., thanks to Oilman **Dr. Armand Hammer**, currently involved in a variety of business negotiations with the Kremlin. Hammer happens to be part owner of the prestigious Knoedler gallery in New York City, where the pictures will go on display in May after they have been exhibited at the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. All told, the exhibition of paintings has never been evaluated for worth but is insured for \$25 million. It includes seven Matisse's, seven Gauguin's, six Picasso's, five Cézanne's, three Van Gogh's, and a dash of Monet, Renoir, Rousseau, Derain, Pissarro, Sisley, Braque, Vlaminck, and Léger. Delighted by the scoop, the National Gallery's director, **Carter Brown**, said, "Russian collectors bought the canvases right off the studio walls and got their pick of the best." Came the Revolution, it was the Kremlin that got the pick of the best right off the collectors' walls.

Giving up her Senate seat but not her Washington residence, **Margaret Chase Smith** of Maine decided that it was time to let the folks back home know what she thought about her defeat last November. "The first thing to clear up is that I'm not a hermit hiding away in a hovel licking my wounds," she announced in an interview in the *Maine Sunday Telegram*. "Only one thing really hurts. I still think about my home town, Skowhegan, where I was born, worked, and grew up, voting against me. That hurts and there's no use pretending it doesn't." Mrs. Smith allowed as how she was not planning to return to Skowhegan in the immediate future.

Can a guy get by with nothing but his looks on a best-dressed list? Apparently. **Burt Reynolds**, who appeared draped on a bearskin for a much talked-about *Cosmopolitan* centerfold, has been named to a list of best-dressed men, along with **Edward Finch Cox** and **George McGovern**. The Fashion Foundation of America explained its choice by saying that Reynolds was part of a trend toward "undress."

The typewriter will go. With that, **Georges Simenon**, 70, announced his retirement after 212 books written under his own name, including 80 about Maigret the superleuth. All told, more than 400 million copies of Simenon books have been printed, including translations into 47 languages. "I realized that for the last 50 years I have been living

the lives of my book characters. Now, all of a sudden, I want to live my own life. I have delivered myself and feel happy and completely serene." Readers will be happy that Maigret, a vague 55, is not quite ready to retire. *Maigret and the Informant*, the latest Simenon in English, will be published next month.

Gossip abhors a vacuum. Settled down in a duplex apartment in Manhattan's West Village, **John Lennon** and **Yoko Ono** have been trying to escape the public eye, but the gossip mills keep grinding out their names. Yoko admitted to *Women's Wear Daily* that being married to a reformed Beatle may not be all sweetness and light, but she complains, "It upsets me when I hear rumors that we are getting a divorce. People look forward to it the way they did our marriage."

Norman Mailer, his curly locks now a steely gray, decided to celebrate his 50th birthday by making an "announcement of national importance." To round up a proper audience, Mailer invited his friends, 600 or so of whom showed up, including such buddies as Senator **Eugene McCarthy**, **Andy Warhol**, **Lily Tomlin**, **Arthur Schlesinger Jr.**, and Director **Bernardo Bertolucci**. Each paid \$30 (or \$50 a couple) for the honor of greeting Mailer at Manhattan's Four Seasons. The surprise announcement, delivered at midnight—to the accompaniment of much applause, boos and plain incredulity—was Mailer's proposal to form what he called "the Fifth Estate, a people's FBI and CIA to inves-



NORMAN MAILER, AT 50, WITH HIS MOTHER

tigate those two...a democratic secret police to keep tabs on the bureaucratic secret police. We're going to find out just how far our paranoia is justified." He went on further to explain that the Fifth Estate might operate much like Nader's Raiders or the American Civil Liberties Union. He added that the proposal was "the best political idea I've had in my life." Standing by as her son made his announcement was Mailer's beaming mother, who happily noted: "This was the second largest birthday party for Norman. The other was his bar mitzvah in 1936."

Except that it was for real, the gathering of the clan for Singer **Jim Bailey's** splashy opening at the Waldorf had all the makings of a new family TV sitcom series. **Liza Minnelli** and Half Sister **Lorna Luft** showed up to see Female Impressionist Jim do his takeoffs of **Judy Garland**, **Barbra Streisand** and other women performers. Liza is so impressed with Jim's Judy that she sometimes joins him onstage for a mother-and-daughter act:

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JIM WITH THE GARLAND DAUGHTERS

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PEOPLE

offstage she is going steady with **Desi Arnaz Jr.**, whose sister **Lucie Arnaz Jr.** is going steady with **Jim**.

It doesn't always pay to kiss and tell. Or so **Xaviera Hollander**, the shady lady author of the bestselling *The Happy Hooker*, is learning. Her book is a vivid account of how she became one of Manhattan's highest-paid call girls. Some federal taxmen apparently were among her readers and now **Xaviera** is being billed for \$93,544 in back taxes. The IRS began its demand letter: "Dear Madam: It has been determined that you realized gross receipts from your profession of \$120,577..."

"I put about 500 more miles on my legs this year than on my Vega." Not surprisingly, Senator **William Proxmire** of Wisconsin easily jogged off with the title of National Honorary Physical Fitness Chairman of the Amateur Athletic Union. Looking younger than his 57 years since he underwent hair trans-



PROXMIRE DOING PUSH UPS
75 in 59 seconds.

plants. **Proxmire** gave a little demonstration of his fitness. With Senator **Mike Mansfield** timing him, **Proxmire** fell to the floor and did 75 push ups in 59 seconds. At the finish, obviously pleased by his performance, **Proxmire** was red in the face but not winded. As he slipped his official A.A.U. sweatshirt over his head, **Proxmire** quipped, "I hope I don't pull out any of my hair transplants."

Bridget may love **Bernie**, but Jewish groups are charging that the hit TV series "mocks the teachings of Judaism" by suggesting that intermarriage between Jews and Christians is desirable. Rabbi Balfour Brickner, director of the Commission for Interfaith Activities, complained that, "the program treats intermarriage in a cavalier, cute, condescending fashion, and deals with its inevitable problems as though they're instantly, easily solvable." Worried by threats of economic boycotts against the show's sponsors, CBS officials could only point out that intermarriage was essential to *Bridget Loves Bernie*'s plot; to rule it out would spell the end of the show. That prospect hardly seemed to strike the critics as tragic.

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Key to Conversion

Last month some 150 denominations and other groups of North American Christians opened a yearlong evangelical campaign called Key 73. The participants range from Kansas City Roman Catholics to the Canadian Home Bible League. Their slogan: "Calling our continent to Christ." Although the drive so far seems to be mainly a matter of a television special, publicity and local evangelizing, a recent article in the evangelical fortnightly *Christianity Today* avowed that Key 73's goal is to give "every person in the U.S. and Canada a real chance to say yes to Jesus Christ and to become a dependable member of his church."

Some persons have already taken the opportunity to say no to Key 73 in emphatic and sometimes angry terms. They include some prominent U.S. Jews who consider the campaign to be a retrogression to pre-ecumenical Christianity. But Jews themselves are divided on the issue.

Rabbi Solomon Bernards of the Anti-Defamation League leveled one of the most thoroughgoing criticisms in the *Christian Century* last month. Bernards questioned the "monolithic undertones of this effort that aims at a completely Christian America." The campaign fostered "triumphalism," he charged, citing one prediction that Christians could convert the entire world within two years. Moreover, mass evangelical efforts inevitably employ "simplistic theology [and] emotional appeals," and tend "to disparage and downgrade other faiths and value systems."

Another rabbi, however, Henry Siegman of the Synagogue Council of America, warns against taking "the alarmist view" of Key 73. Writing in the current issue of the American Jewish Congress's *Congress Bi-Weekly*, Siegman doubts "that any significant

number of Jews will be won over to Christianity by Key 73. Those few who will convert will do so because we have allowed Jewish life to become so secularized, so emptied of transcendent meaning, that some of our children will turn to Christianity and to other faiths in order to fill a terrible spiritual void."

Siegman goes so far as to suggest that an "intensely Christian environment can in fact make for a more traditional Jewish community"—an argument that provokes an outraged response from Ecumenist Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum in the same magazine. The U.S. has already had just such an intensely Christian environment, Tanenbaum points out, in the days when evangelical Christianity and American nationalism were considered synonymous. In that situation "Jews were second-class citizens, denied the right to vote and hold public office."

A number of groups involved in Key 73 have decided to avoid the issue altogether. The Richmond, Va., clergy association, for instance, expressly ruled out proselytism of Jews, directing its efforts only to "inactive and unchurched people in the Christian community." Such moves would have been hailed by the late and eminent Rabbi Abraham J. Heschel, who last week got in a posthumous word on the proselytism question through a television interview taped just before his death in December. It was Heschel whose persuasive efforts at the Vatican helped win Roman Catholics away from trying to convert Jews. "If there are some Protestant sects who still cling to this silly hope of proselytizing [Jews]," he said, "I would say that they are blind and deaf and dumb."

Tanenbaum refers to Colonial America and the early decades of the Republic. Though the Constitution guaranteed equal rights on a federal level, Jews were barred in some states from voting, and in more from holding office, well into the 19th century.



PATRICIO TAMAO CRUCIFIED

Two for the Cross

It has been 16 centuries since the Roman Emperor Constantine outlawed crucifixions, but the practice has been preserved in some parts of the world, not as a punishment but as a macabre stunt or commemorative rite. The latest to undergo the ordeal of the cross is a French husband-and-wife team of yoga practitioners in the Dominican Republic, who offered themselves up in the cause of world peace and to demonstrate the "power of mind over matter." French-born Mystic Patricio Tamao, 33, who is the founder of his own philosophy, Tamaoism, was the first on the cross, which was on the patio of a Santo Domingo hotel. Tamao, who planned to stay on the cross at least 48 hours, lasted half that long—19 hours with the cross in a horizontal position, 6½ upright. When doctors advised him that anything further would endanger his life, he yielded his place to his petite wife Maritza, 32. Incredibly, Maritza survived 54 hours on the cross, 15½ of them upright, which might be a world record.

For Card Players, a Jesus Deck



THEIR are Jesus posters, Jesus pins, Jesus watches and even Jesus T-shirts. Now there is a Jesus deck—the standard deck of playing cards made into a colorful bit of Gospel propaganda by Manhattan's U.S. Games Systems. Clubs, diamonds, hearts and spades become the suits of Luke, Matthew, Mark and John. The cards carry the evangelists' traditional symbols: the winged ox for Luke, the winged man for Matthew, the winged lion for Mark, the eagle for John. The standard 13-card suits prevail, designated one through king, but every card is a "picture" card, decorated with a biblical quotation and a full-color Gospel scene that seems a cross between tarot cards and Peter Max art. From the ace of Luke to the king of John, the scenes tell a chronological story of Jesus' life. The king of Mark, for instance, is the Crucifixion. The jokers are "fools for Christ." A booklet accompanying the deck suggests variations on standard games. "Go Fish" becomes "Go Seek." "War" becomes "Peace" (though the higher card still wins). "I Doubt It" becomes "I Believe." There are also "Inspirational Solitaire" and "Gospel Bridge," and a variation of gin rummy called "Witness" that requires the winner to read aloud the Scripture texts on the winning cards. U.S. Games' next project: a Moses deck.

THE THEATER

Happy Though Anxious

FINISHING TOUCHES
by JEAN KERR

The middle-aged male in a psychic or physical funk is very much in vogue this season on Broadway. We have seen that theme treated in *That Championship Season* and *Butley*, and now in *Finishing Touches*. Each of these plays fires off salvos of laughter, and yet each also imparts an unsettling mood of deep, free-floating anxiety.

The hero of *Touches* is a 43-year-old college English teacher named Jeff Cooper who is fretting about a full professorship. Jeff (Robert Lansing) comes home from the classroom one day and tells his wife Katy (Barbara Bel Geddes) that he is falling in love with a nu-

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LANSING & BEL GEDDES
A 25-minute fling.

ble student. Being the rare wife who is the first to know does not prevent Katy from being cataclysmically shaken by her husband's startling don't-kiss-but-tell confession. Bel Geddes beautifully conveys outward bravado and inner terror.

Katy's emotional world does not mend appreciably when her son brings home from Harvard an actress with whom he has been sleeping. This free and sexy spirit promptly propositions Jeff, and in his menopausal dither he runs off with her. It is a very short fling. After 25 platonic minutes he is back home, ready for a reconciliation.

There has always been a disconcerting rift in Jean Kerr's plays between the witty, wise and thoroughly honest statements she makes about domestic life and the artificial plot mechanics she adopts for the sake of happy endings.

In some ways, the emotional substructure of the play has more density and complexity than its surface. At one point, Katy says she wishes that it was 1948. This is not merely a wistful desire to be young again; it is a hunger for the relatively stable value system of that era.

The Cooper generation was taught to go to church on Sundays, to enter marriage, often virginally, on a till-death-do-us-part vow, to obey its parents and expect obedience from its children. For these familial and marital mores, the middle class has been mocked and undermined for years. Time may well vindicate Jean Kerr's conviction that innocence and responsibility are the best policies, and that the family is the quintessential social unit without which civilization disintegrates in anarchy.

■ T.E. Kolem

Teaser for Two

GREEN JULIA
by PAUL ABLEMAN

All of theater is an encounter group. The playwright issues a challenge of some kind. The audience gives a positive or negative response. The nature of the challenge tends to shape the nature of the encounter, and the challenges may vary a great deal.

One type is what might be called the Rorschach-test play, a Harold Pinter specialty. The ambiguity of his plots and the opacity of his characters' motivations leave the playgoer with the task of figuring out what the play means. In the process, each member of the audience reveals himself to himself. For playgoers who relish self-analysis and puzzle solving, the genre is extremely stimulating; others may find it both irritating and baffling.

Green Julia is a Rorschach-test play and an awful good one. It is the first full-length drama by Britain's Paul Ableman, 45, who has previously written three novels and some 50 abstract and surrealist playlets. Like most plays of this sort, *Green Julia* is low on action and high on intensity of situation. The only characters that the audience sees are Robert Lacey, a young plant physiologist, and Jacob Perew, a young economist. For some time, Perew (John Pleshette) and Lacey (Fred Grandy) have shared a flat in an English university town. They also share an active fantasy life which is hilariously funny yet shadowed by increasing hysteria. In this relationship Lacey is called Bradshaw and Perew is Carruthers.

In satirical postures and caricature voices, "Carruthers" plays bishop to "Bradshaw's" priest, pukka sahib to his native, officer to his enlisted man, and schoolmaster to his pupil. The bantering wit of this role playing does not en-

tirely disguise its hidden psychological vengeance. In these games, it is Perew who dominates and Lacey who is dependent and vulnerable.

Perew is leaving for the Far East, and we watch him try to pull one last manipulative ploy. He wants to saddle Lacey with his mistress, a promiscuous lush 14 years his senior who hangs out at a local pub called The Green Man. She is the unseen Julia of the title. Lacey refuses, but that scarcely settles the questions Playwright Ableman tantalizingly raises. Is Perew merely a heel trying to avoid emotional remorse? Is he, perhaps, more in love with Julia than he lets on, enough to want to soften the blow of his departure? Is it possible that he wants to bring a little fleshly warmth into Lacey's loveless and lonely life? Finally, as we see the ashen, tearless desolation on Lacey's face after Perew leaves, must we not wonder if they are two latent homosexuals?

These questions, which each play-

CAR, SPOONER



GRANDY & PLESHETTE IN "JULIA"
A manipulative play.

goer will answer in his own way, give the play its haunting texture of actual life where paradoxes abound, contradictions prevail, and the course of events rarely parallels the fine geometry of logic. Both Pleshette and Grandy are outstanding, and Grandy, who graduated from Harvard in 1970, is possibly the No. 1 off-Broadway acting find of this season.

■ T.E.K.

Megadeath by Laughter

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS
A ROCK MUSICAL REVIEW

The young in recent years have seemed so angry, serious, self-absorbed and just plain blue that one could scarcely guess that they had it in them to produce an uproariously funny spoof of the rock scene and its counter-

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BELUSHI, GUEST & PLAYTEN
Offing the folk heroes.

culture folk heroes. Nonetheless, *National Lampoon* staffers have done just that on the off-Broadway stage, and with wicked precision.

The first half of this satirical revue consists of topical skits done in the style of old vaudeville, neoburlesque, superior college humor, and the antic, abrasive tradition of Lenny Bruce. Many one-liners flick at their subjects with rapid deflationary humor: "In times of stress, remember the *Pueblo*." A drug raid is announced: dauntless police have just "seized two ounces of marijuana with a street value of \$35,000."

The second half of *Lemmings* is a brilliantly sustained rock parody called the Woodshuck Festival. One million young people have gathered to "off" themselves (commit suicide) in mass protest. But first they hear from their secular gods. Joan Baez (Mary-Jennifer Mitchell) takes the mike holding babe in arms: "Pull the triggers, niggers, we're with you all the way...just across the Bay...I'm the world's Madonna...I'm needed from Belfast to Bangladesh."

A sulky Bob Dylan (Christopher Guest), lurking offstage like Achilles in his tent, comes bounding before the spotlight when fistfuls of greenbacks are offered. The dynamic, petite and greatly gifted Alice Playten makes a spastic dithyramb of her takeoff on Mick Jagger. The mimicking of motorcycle addicts and musicians so stoned that they hold onto their mike stands as if they were swaying lampposts is all well-etched commentary, held together by an endearingly bumbling announcer (John Belushi) who sometimes cannot read the slips in his hand.

Finally, the Megadeath group comes on and slays huge portions of the crowd—with its amplifiers. *Lemmings* will slay many many more with its high-voltage humor.

■ T.E.K.

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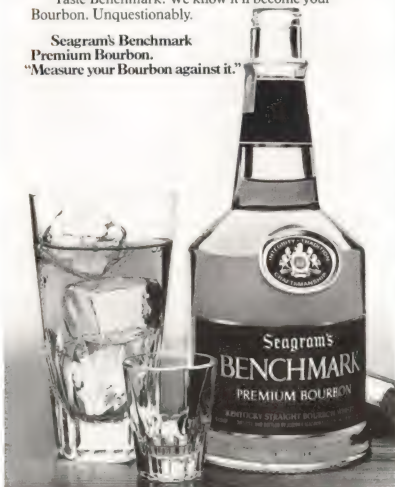
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MILESTONES

Died. Max Yasgur, 53, upstate New York dairy farmer who, when original plans for a 1969 weekend rock concert went awry because of local regulations, became the patron saint of the counterculture when he opened his 600-acre farm to more than 300,000 uninhibited, youthful celebrators of the Woodstock festival; of an apparent heart attack; in Marathon, Fla.

Died. Joseph Ehrenreich, 65, promotion-wise president of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc., whose 1954 trade agreement with the Japanese firm of Nippon Kogaku established Ehrenreich as the sole U.S. importer of 35-mm. Nikon cameras (now \$43 million in U.S. sales) and helped open the American market to Japanese optical and scientific equipment; of an apparent heart attack; in Los Angeles.

Died. John H. Gibbon Jr., 69, the cardiac surgeon who developed the first heart-lung machine successfully used on a human patient; of an apparent heart attack while playing tennis; in Philadelphia. Gibbon spent 19 years perfecting the device that could take over heart and lung functions during heart surgery. In its first application to a human in 1953, the device worked perfectly for 26 minutes, permitting Gibbon to repair a hole in the heart of an 18-year-old girl. She survived, and Gibbon's achievement opened the way to a variety of heart operations, including transplants. An improved version of his machine is still standard equipment in open-heart surgery.

Died. Robert M. Coates, 75, short-story writer and art critic for *The New Yorker* for three decades (1937-67), and author of surrealistic fiction (*The Father at Darkness*) who also launched a famous literary friendship in Paris when he introduced his onetime boxing partner, Ernest Hemingway, to Gertrude Stein; in Manhattan.

Died. Andy Razaf, 77, lyricist whose hits included *Honeyuckle Rose*, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Stompin' at the Savoy* and *Milkman's Matinee*; in Los Angeles. The son of a Madagascan nobleman, Razaf (real name: Andrea Paul Razafkerio) was born in Washington, D.C., after his father had been killed and his mother had fled during a French invasion of Madagascar in 1895. He wrote more than 1,000 songs during the '20s and '30s and in 1972 was elected to the Songwriters Hall of Fame.

Died. Alexander Biddle, 79, who in the '40s and '50s guided the consolidation of the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington stock exchanges, then served as the new organization's president (1964-65); in Bryn Mawr, Pa.

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CINEMA

Ha'penny Opera

THE HARDER THEY COME

Directed by PERRY HENZELL

Screenplay by PERRY HENZELL

and TREVOR D. RHONE

Fast, tough, sinuous, with a score of Jamaican reggae that jauntily accentuates its vigor, this saga of the career of a small-time pot pusher and pop star is a kind of Caribbean *Threepenny Opera*. It does not have the depth, but it does have some of the energy and a little of the fury, the same sort of lovingly savage feeling for the brash ethos of the underworld.

The hero, called Ivan, is stylishly played by Jimmy Cliff, a Jamaican musician who has an insinuating, almost feral appeal. Poor and aimless, Ivan wanders about Jamaica, hoping vaguely to be a singer. It is an ambition he fulfills the way he finds a girl friend, the way he starts pushing, and the way, finally, he gets killed: by falling into it. The movie even attempts a kind of Brechtian device: Ivan attends a film, one of those baroque Italian westerns, and dotes on the hero, knowing that he is immune to all real danger until the last reel. When Ivan meets his own end, cut down by a crew of hapless cops in

the last reel of *The Harder They Come*, Director Perry Henzell cuts in shots of Ivan laughing at and applauding the western.

It is an interesting and ambitious notion, but one that does not quite fit into the structure of the film; it is almost a frill. What works better is the idea that Ivan is not only mesmerized by such mock-heroic displays, but much influenced and shaped by them. Throughout the film, he is ground down and exploited. His fantasy of breaking out of his grim world by becoming a celebrity is exploded when the music producer, who controls distribution of nearly all records on the island, offers him \$20 for his song—take it or leave it. Too proud at first to accept, Ivan becomes desperate enough to pocket the money and wait around to become famous. When that does not happen, Ivan's recourse is to become a dope dealer and, almost by accident, a desperado. This means of escape turns out to be a true means to an end. It kills him and it makes him famous, lets him live out his fantasies of movie heroism with childish pleasure and flamboyance until he dies, gun in hand, on a secluded beach.

The Harder They Come (the title itself has a certain chiding irony) benefits immeasurably from having been made



CLIFF TAKING AIM IN "HARDER"
Fantasies of heroism.

in Jamaica. Indeed, it is the first full-fledged Jamaican feature, and it gives a view of the island—shabby houses, tense little nightclubs and baked-out countryside—that is not part of the standard paradise tour. For all its naive charm, the movie is not consistently successful. Its crudities of characterization and carelessness about certain matters of plot give it a kind of jerry-built look. But *The Harder They Come* is always exuberant, and sometimes strong, as casually surprising and effortlessly sinister as the blade sliding out of a gravity knife.

★ Jay Cocks

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Punched Out

SHAMUS

Directed by BUZZ KUIK

Screenplay by BARRY BECKERMAN

Burt Reynolds must be the first actor ever to have been influenced by a television star. In *Shamus* he often seems to be doing Johnny Carson impressions, as if too many appearances on the *Tonight* show have left him with a chronic case of mimesis. "Healthy devil, aren't you?" he murmurs to a top-heavy ingenue, who promptly melts at his wit. "Though we might do a little snoring," he suggests to a hunchback girl, who replies, "Bring your snorel."

Reynolds, not only sometimes sounds like Carson, with his voice full of curdled cuineness, but acts like him, too, doing long, innocent, slightly baffled takes and little-boy expressions of wonderment. Why Reynolds bothers with this remains mysterious, because when he is doing the material straight, he is truly funny, dexterous and quite winning.

He plays it straight enough of the time to keep kicking *Shamus* along at a reasonably swift rate. Reynolds is a randy private detective from Brooklyn named McCoy, who is hired by a rich businessman to recover some stolen diamonds. The whole business is pretty shady, and McCoy gets roughed up

punched out in every scene where he is not bantering with or bedding a society type (Dyan Cannon from *Sutton Place*). The plot makes no sense, although it tries. It all ends with one of those tedious soliloquies that raise more questions than they actually answer.

The script is shoddy enough so that Reynolds might well have been tempted to vend it up; maybe that is what he meant to do with the Carson impressions. Screenwriter Beckerman lifts at least two scenes from Howard Hawks's *The Big Sleep*. He may know quality but he cannot duplicate it, and never makes up his mind whether to do straight hard-boiled melodrama or imitation *Damon Runyon*. No such doubts apparently plagued the director. He establishes a consistent tone of massive mayhem. Kuik attempts to disguise every lapse in logic with a lapse in taste. ■ J.C.

Quick Cuts

SAVE THE TIGER Jack Lemmon wakes in the morning screaming—and he is worse off than he knows. Before the day is out he will have to see about having his clothing factory in Long Beach burned for the insurance money, introduce the new fall line of Capri Casuals, endure a brief nervous breakdown, inhale a joint or two of cannabis, sleep with an aging love child of the *Sunset Strip*, dream of a pop-up words pop-up



REYNOLDS & QUARRY IN "SHAMUS"

Too many *Tonight* shows.


ulated by everyone from Bobby Kennedy to James Earl Ray; and recite lines like "I wanna walk in the kind of rain that never washes perfume away." Under the circumstances, that gully of sweat staining the back of his pajamas is certainly understandable.

Lemmon, rather less febrile here than usual, portrays Harry Stoner, a middle-aged businessman of average capacity who has fallen victim to anomie and his accountant. Down at Capri Casuals, money is as scarce as affection at Harry's house. His only child, a daughter, is away at boarding school in Swit-



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CINEMA

zerland, and he and his wife have not exercised their connubial rights in some time. Harry can't stand it. But it is also difficult to stand Harry. His soulless soliloquies and fearless superficiality thoroughly sour the movie.

Director John Avildsen, who made *Joe*, continues to prove himself a master of the visual cliché, the low-slung symbol and the stereophonic anti-climax. He is abetted by Scenarist Steve Shagan, a sort of drip-dry Clifford Odeis, who puts klieg lights around every metaphor. According to the credits, Shagan also functioned as the producer. Considering the results, that is a little like running off your unpublished novel on your own vanity press.

UNDER MILK WOOD. Dylan Thomas wrote this verse play, as he put it, "for voices." The images that Director Andrew Sinclair has added to his film adaptation do not complement Thomas' language; they detract from it. The language that comes cascading off the sound track is bottled into florid captions for an illustrated travel guide to Wales. Whenever Sinclair is not being resolutely literal-minded, he diverts himself by being fantastical. It will not do for Richard Burton merely to read the first voice. He must appear, all rumpled and dour and self-absorbed, like some wandering Welshman cursed to travel the countryside until he discovers his spiritual roots. Besides Burton, the cast boasts Elizabeth Taylor, playing Polly Garter as she might have looked if she worked Miami Beach at \$100 a trick; Peter O'Toole, who appears to have dashed right over from the set of *Man of La Mancha*, still wearing his same makeup; and various excellent character actors like Vivien Merchant, Glynis Johns and Victor Spinetti. The film is actually brief, but it seems ruthlessly long, like being trapped in an endless high school assembly.

THE TRAIN ROBBERS. John Wayne can be a superb film actor, as in any film made by John Ford (like *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*) or Howard Hawks (like *Rio Bravo*). In this doltish western, he gives the kind of performance—sloppy, indifferent, contemptuous—for which he is usually and too casually berated. Wayne seems to know he is doing a bit of hackwork. He lumbers through his scenes, not bothering to give his dialogue even the slightest inflection, looking at times as if he might nod off in the middle of a line. Writer-Director Burt Kennedy's script is an inane saga of a group of trailhands hired by a widow (Ann-Margret) to recover a stash of gold. Wayne and his cronies (Ben Johnson—who is reliably genuine—Rod Taylor, Christopher George, Bobby Vinton) ride around like a group of Kiwanians looking for a picnic ground and making cracks about the widow's bustline—which, indeed, is about the only thing Ann-Margret has to contribute to the proceedings. **■J.C.**

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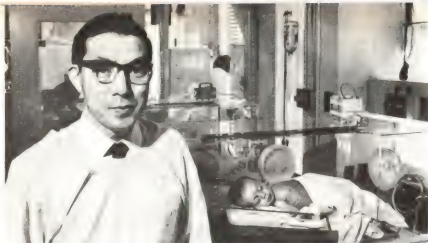
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VOLVO



SURGEON KEIHIRO SURUGA & PATIENT WILLIAM LEWIS AFTER OPERATION

MEDICINE

Microsurgery in Japan

Many babies are "jaundiced" in the first few days of life, but usually the yellow discoloration of the skin and eyes disappears quickly as the liver adjusts to its new metabolic work load. William Lewis, born last Oct. 10 in New York City, was a rare example of a far more serious condition. His complexion remained abnormal. Even more frightening, his stools and urine indicated that he suffered from an inborn defect, biliary atresia—the absence or severe underdevelopment of tiny bile ducts emerging from the liver. William's case proved to be unusual in another respect: he was flown to Japan in the search for lifesaving corrective surgery.

Nature designed the ducts to carry bile on its way from the liver, where it is made, to the duodenum, where it aids in digestion. Among the estimated 200 occurrences each year of biliary atresia in the U.S., there are a few in which ducts outside the liver are large enough for corrective surgery. But not in William's case.

The bile backing up in his liver

would soon cause irreparable damage to that vital organ and affect others. The prognosis, at one of Manhattan's most famed university hospitals, was grim. Although operations for biliary atresia are performed in the U.S., the experts concluded that William's condition could not be corrected by surgery and that he probably would live no longer than nine months.

But his parents, Mina and Brian Lewis, refused to accept the sentence of death. They consulted Dr. Orvar Swenson, a noted pediatric surgeon at Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago. He, too, was pessimistic. He recalled, without recommending it, a modified operation devised by a Japanese surgeon, Dr. Keihiro Suruga, who reported that it had succeeded in some cases. Mina Lewis did some research of her own and found a new article by Suruga in the *Journal of Pediatric Surgery*. Then, using her experience as a travel agent, she quickly arranged a family trip to Tokyo in early January.

At Juntendo University, Suruga, 52, explained his special interest in biliary atresia: for reasons unknown it is far

more common in Asia than in Western countries. Suruga's early techniques for correcting the condition proved to be only palliative, not curative. In 1968 he hit upon a method that he has since used in 40 cases, with 30 children now surviving. It was a variation of this technique that he used for William.

The child had one thing in his favor: he was less than 90 days old and his liver so far had suffered relatively little damage. As Suruga explained, after three months the backed-up bile is likely to cause irreparable cirrhosis of the liver. Another factor was most unfavorable: the bile ducts in the liver were the tiniest imaginable—averaging only one five-hundredth of an inch in diameter. Suruga is not hopeful unless they are twice that size, but he nevertheless decided to make the attempt.

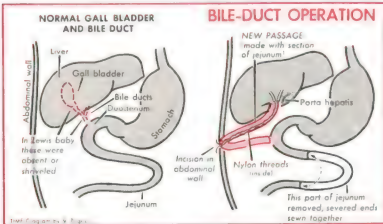
U Curve. The surgery lasted ten hours. Almost 3½ hours were spent dissecting the adhesions of scar tissue left by an earlier operation in New York to correct an intestinal blockage. Only then was Suruga able to snip out an eight-inch section of jejunum (the upper part of the small intestine) and to fashion it into the shape of a U (*see diagram*). Next he trained his surgical microscope, working at 20- to 40-power magnification, on the minuscule bile ducts. He exposed them, and with incredibly fine needlework sewed one branch of the U over them like a funnel. He sutured the other branch of the U into the upper part of the duodenum, about where nature intended bile to go.

As a temporary precaution, Suruga led the bend of the U to the abdominal wall and made an opening there: with hair-thin nylon threads running to it from inside the bile ducts to make sure that they stay open, this "window" can be used to draw off fluid or to instill medication. In a few months, if all goes well, the base of the U and the abdominal opening can be closed.

William was crying and kicking two hours after surgery. The next day, he was not producing enough bile, so a medication which enhances bile flow, cholestyramine, was flown from the U.S. to Tokyo for him. The output of the baby's digestive tract by late January showed that he was producing bile and that it was being used in the metabolism of the special formula that he was receiving in addition to mother's milk. Last week he was strong enough to make the long trip home.

Anticipating the Flu Virus

If the announcement had been made almost anywhere else, it would probably have been dismissed as one more false alarm. But the word came from the Pasteur Institute in Paris, *Jons et origo* of epochal research into man's relationship with the microbes: Institute scientists had devised a vaccine to protect against the present generation of influenza virus and against generations yet unborn. The vaccine, said last week's





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MEDICINE

announcement, will be available almost immediately.

The flu virus is notorious for its frequent mutations. About every ten years, on the average, the transformation is so marked that the antibody system of a person who has been infected with the most recently prevalent strain, or vaccinated against it, does not recognize the new one. So he has no immunity.

In 1957 and 1968, no one was immune to the radically different "Asian A" and Hong Kong strains that erupted in those years. The Pasteur scientists do not claim to have anticipated such a major mutation. But in between such large alterations, the virus undergoes a process called "antigenic drift," in which subtle changes occur in the virus' protein overcoat. The now prevalent London flu strain represents one of several such minor changes in the basic Hong Kong virus of 1968, and generally available vaccines are only 50% effective against it.

Forced Evolution. Until now, a vaccine to combat a newly evolved strain could be prepared only after the event (TIME, Aug. 21). Ideally, as Professor Claude Hannoun explained it, scientists would like to anticipate all the antigenic changes that nature might make in the next few years in the virus' protein coat. But how to anticipate nature? That would require capturing all the Hong Kong derivative strains now available, growing them in the laboratory and attacking them with different types of antibody. Most would be neutralized, but in this artificial equivalent of the Darwinian process of natural selection, a few mutant strains would survive because their protein coat patterns differ from those of earlier strains. If, as is almost certain, the survivors share a certain characteristic—what virologists call a common antigen—it should be possible to make a vaccine which would protect against that antigen and therefore against all such strains.

Hannoun reported that by using a technique devised by Australian Immunologist Fazekas de Saint Groth, his research team had artificially caused such mutants to evolve. He was confident that they had anticipated all the minor changes that nature could produce in the next five years. Thus, he claims, they have produced a vaccine effective against all strains that may develop naturally from now until about 1978. Samples prepared before the London flu strain emerged, he said, had proved 84% effective in tests on human subjects.

Raised Brows. To protect its patent rights, the self-supporting Pasteur Institute has not yet documented its find in scientific publications. Partly for that reason, some scientists still kept their eyebrows raised. How, they asked, could anyone be certain that he had anticipated all the mutants that resourceful nature might produce? It may take five years, they concluded, to prove the institute's claim that this was indeed a "revolutionary discovery."

From Calcutta... Report on Elizabeth Dass...



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT



TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED.

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE RESTORED.

PARENTS CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.
MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY NEAR FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS—INDEED IT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARN TWO RUPEES A DAY (20¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTLE (Hovel) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH, BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM HER PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND NEEDS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

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STUDENTS KILLING TIME AT DETROIT'S OVERCROWDED CASS HIGH SCHOOL

EDUCATION

Detroit's Schools Head Toward Disaster

Across America, crises over money, schoolroom violence and forced busing threaten to overwhelm the cities' public schools. In Chicago and Philadelphia, the school districts are reeling under deficits totaling tens of millions of dollars. In New York and Los Angeles assaults on teachers and students were at an all-time high. In Washington and Richmond, so many white families have fled to the suburbs that the city schools are being left, de facto, segregated.

All of these problems—and some uniquely its own—are reflected in Detroit. Put bluntly, Detroit's public education system is close to collapse. Though fourth largest in the U.S., with 300 schools, 10,500 teachers, 285,000 pupils and a budget of \$292 million a year, it is running \$90 million in the red and may be forced to close March 15, two months ahead of schedule. The system does not have the \$73.2 million needed to operate longer. Chances that it will get the money are so slim that a fortnight ago the board of education sent dismissal notices to all teachers.

Detroit's plight does not result from lavish spending. Its schools have been living frugally for several years, and more so than ever this year when \$16 million was slashed from the budget. The schools now must get by with old versions of textbooks instead of buying new editions, and cutbacks have been made in such courses as music, art, remedial instruction and athletics. The teaching staff has been reduced by 350 to 10,500, even though it means larger classes—35 pupils per class, about ten more than the statewide average. Teacher salaries now average

\$11,500; the average autoworker earns \$12,500.

New school construction has been halted, and existing schools are seriously overcrowded. Cass Technical High School, for example, was built in 1917 for 2,500 students; today it has 4,800. Space is so scarce that counselors meet parents in the high-ceilinged main office to discuss students' private problems within earshot of anyone who happens by. For lack of a study hall, students spend free periods lounging in the graffiti-smeared corridors, often while their time away pitching pennies. Yet Cass is one of Detroit's elite schools, housing the city's top students in music, science and the arts.

Supply rooms have become as barren as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. "There's never enough paper," complains a teacher at an inner city elementary school. "So far this year I've bought ten reams of paper myself. It's a matter of protecting your own sanity—when you see a kid without anything to do, you've got to get him a pencil and a piece of paper."

Broken equipment is often not repaired, and nonessential maintenance like repainting buildings has been deferred for two years. To put all 300 schools back into first-rate condition, the board of education estimates, would cost \$100 million. Even school security forces have been chopped—at a time of rising criminal attacks on students and teachers (see box, page 74). At Kettering High School on the east side the guard force was reduced from 14 to four. Yet when Principal Herbert Tabor chained fire doors to keep out intruders, he was fined \$100 for violating Detroit's fire laws. Now the fire doors

are unlocked, and intruders, some armed with knives or revolvers, find it easier to roam the building, selling drugs, shaking down students for money or snatching teachers' purses.

The result is that the quality of education in Detroit has suffered enormously. Says Mary Ellen Riordan, president of the Detroit teachers federation: "Kids are jammed into schools so that it's almost impossible to handle them. You see 200 kids in a 'study hall' which is nothing more than the balcony of the auditorium—with the orchestra practicing onstage; you see 2,000 kids shoved through a 200-capacity lunchroom in 22-minute shifts. In a lot of places, school amounts to nothing more today than 13 years of baby-sitting."

Teachers agree. "Talk about achievement," sighs one teacher at a white junior high school. "You find yourself wanting to get rid of them. I've seen kids graduate who can barely spell their names. I had one boy graduate with an E from me—everybody else passed him to get rid of him."

In such an atmosphere, many teachers simply walk through their jobs. Problem pupils are passed to get them out of school as quickly as possible, regardless of their lack of achievement. When Detroit children were measured this year against national achievement norms, only 5% of the fourth-graders and 6% of the sixth-graders scored above average. Some 46% of the fourth-graders and 51% of the sixth-graders were below.

No Obligation. There is no mystery about the origins of Detroit's problems. They lie in the flight to the suburbs by middle-class whites since World War II. In their wake they left the poor and the elderly who were joined by black families, most of them poor Southerners seeking jobs in the automobile plants. Today, while the city's white population averages 45 years of age, its black adults are primarily young and raising children. As a result, although half of Detroiters are black (compared with 16% in 1950), they make up 68% of the public school population. But, because so many are below voting age, they account for only 40% of the voters.

The white, aging majority still controls the political process, and many of them see no reason to vote for taxes that will benefit other people's children. Detroit's school tax of 15 mills (\$1.50 in taxes for every \$100 of assessed value) is one of the lowest in the state. But levies for other public services, such as police and welfare, make Detroit taxes the state's highest. They include a 2% income tax imposed in no other Michigan community.

Detroit schools have also found it impossible to hang onto their taxes. Michigan law requires that voters periodically renew school taxes, but when the district last year asked them to reapprove a five-mill property tax and an additional five-mill tax, the voters, including a large number of blacks, balked.

Three times the request was made, three times the voters said no.

They were not, of course, simply voting against the schools. Explains State School Superintendent John Porter: "Education is the only constitutionally established responsibility in which the people are asked to participate in the financing. We don't ask them to levy millage against themselves for highways or health services—only for schools. It's the only place people can vent their frustrations about taxes." Unless public attitudes change, Detroit schools may lose half of their remaining property tax revenues next year when a 7.5-mill tax comes up for reapproval.

Detroit's school system also is faced with a declining tax base. In addition to the exodus to the suburbs, homes and businesses worth \$64 million were burned down during the 1967 ghetto riots and never rebuilt. Thus, the school district lost \$91 million in revenue over the past five years—a bit more than the present deficit. The schools also have lost \$2,000,000 a year in revenue because in the past decade Detroit has taken \$150 million worth of private property for 23 miles of freeways to take suburbanites to their city jobs.

The city feels no obligation to replace that lost revenue because legally the school district is a separate political jurisdiction, which levies its own taxes. Reports Time Bureau Chief Edwin Reingold: "One gets the curious situation in which the city fathers talk

about the schools as alien and not the responsibility of the government of the city whose youth they serve."

That sense of alienation is magnified by the fact that even teachers and school administrators are leaving the city. About half of the whites—who make up about 60% of the teaching body—live in the suburbs. "At my children's school," says School Board President Cornelius Golightly, "the principal couldn't come to our P.T.A. meeting one night because he was looking after his own P.T.A. in Oak Park."

To Golightly, 55, a black and the son of a Mississippi farmer, the chief cause of the schools' problems is not just money but the fact that "for many years they were basically middle-class institutions run by middle-class people. Now the schools are still largely run by middle-class people who live in the suburbs and do not send their children to the schools they run."

Outraged. An effort in 1970 to give blacks their fair share of representation in the school system caused a near revolt by white voters. The liberal-dominated school committee divided the city into eight school districts, each governed by a board made up of local residents. The committee also insisted that Detroit begin desegregating its high schools by busing 3,000 white children to predominantly black schools. "That was the crucial thing," recalls Golightly. "When the plan leaked to the press, all hell broke loose."

Whites were outraged and responded by voting out four of the liberals. The new board abandoned the integration plan and redrew district lines so that all eight would be controlled by whites. That sent the N.A.A.C.P. to court, and in a series of decisions beginning in September 1971, Federal Judge Stephen Roth further angered white parents by ordering the city's schools to integrate with those of 52 suburbs. Though his rulings are still under appeal, they would require that about 310,000 children be bused between city and suburban schools—about 40% of the total in the metropolitan area.

The effects of Roth's order were immediate. Sales of suburban housing plummeted, and Detroit's housing starts continued to decline. Apparently parents were abandoning both the city and the suburbs and moving to rural areas to escape the turmoil of busing. Michigan Senator Robert Griffin proposed an antibusing amendment to the U.S. Constitution, and state legislators prohibited state gasoline-tax revenues from being used to pay for busing to integrated schools.

For all of the Detroit schools' problems, the answer is obvious: Detroiters must help themselves. Certainly little help can be expected elsewhere. The Federal Government, which today pays about 10% of the Detroit school bill, will be contributing less next year if President Nixon's proposed 9% cut in federal school aid is passed by Con-

In Search of Fair School Financing

IN Philadelphia's white Little Italy neighborhood, homes are tax assessed at about 36% of market value. Across town, in some black areas, they are assessed at 66% of market value—meaning that the blacks are being taxed at almost twice the level as whites.

In city after city across the U.S., school districts are in financial distress, often largely because of such inequitable assessments. Philadelphia's example is illuminating. Some 13,000 teachers last week were in the second month of their third strike in three years, because of a demand for higher wages that the board of education says it cannot afford to meet. The schools already have a \$34 million deficit, and Mayor Frank Rizzo had sworn not to raise taxes. Yet Philadelphia could go a long way toward wiping out its deficit with no increase in the tax rate by uniformly assessing property at the higher rate.

There are other reasons, of course, for the financial crisis of city schools. A major one is the decay of the inner cities, with the resulting shrinkage or stagnation of property values. In Chicago the tax base—the total assessed value of the city's taxable property—edged up 22% in the past decade, while the cost of operating its schools zoomed by 123%.

Similar experiences in other cities resulted in a budget crunch that finally brought to a head the whole complex question of how education of all Americans can be made more nearly equal—and more equitably financed. That conundrum is now before the U.S. Supreme Court. Since 1971, courts in seven states—Texas, Arizona, California, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey and Wyoming—have ruled that using local property taxes to finance public education is unconstitutional. Similar cases are pending in 24 other states. The courts rea-

son that the quality of a child's education should not be determined by the wealth of the district in which he lives.

The Supreme Court finally decided to hear the Texas suit: it is a classic case of discrimination by pocketbook. The suit was brought by a group of parents led by Demetrio P. Rodriguez, a civil service worker at Kelly Air Force Base whose two children attend Edgewood elementary school in a predominantly Mexican-American section of San Antonio. Rodriguez visited the school in 1968 and found that water fountains did not work, bathrooms had no toilet paper, science rooms had no sinks and the library was short of books. Moreover, the school's dropout rate was 32%.

In the city's white north side, however, schools were better financed. They had lower dropout rates, better equipment, higher teacher pay, athletic stadiums and air conditioning. In short, white students were getting better educational opportunities because their neighborhood could afford to foot the bill, charged Rodriguez.

Many white parents understandably fear that if the Supreme Court upholds the Rodriguez decision, it will result in higher taxes for them as well as less money for their own schools. That could lower the quality of their children's education. Yet while they are obviously justified in demanding the best education that money can buy for their own children, many affluent parents admit that a way should be found to provide an equally good education for poor children. Some sociologists, like James Coleman of Johns Hopkins University, claim that more money will not ensure better-quality education, but most educators—and parents—disagree.

The Supreme Court must decide whether such disparity in educational opportunities is unconstitutional. If it is so ruled, state legislatures will have the unenviable task of determining a fair way to revamp the method by which local education is financed.

Blackboard Battlegrounds: A Question of Survival

SECURITY on our campuses is the No. 1 educational problem today—not curriculums or new approaches to teaching," says California Educator Eugene McAdoo. "You can't teach anything unless you have an atmosphere without violence."

Few urban educators would disagree. Armed robberies, assaults and purse snatchings occur with depressing regularity in many—though obviously not all—of the nation's city schools. Declares Los Angeles Principal Sid Thompson: "For teachers and students alike, the issue unfortunately is no longer learning but survival." His own high school is known as "Fort Crenshaw" because of its steel mesh fence, armed guards and classroom doors that lock from the inside. Not even such draconian measures have left Crenshaw free of violence. Last month a gang climbed over the fence, tore off a student's jacket and severely beat him.

An especially alarming aspect of school violence is the growing number of assaults upon teachers in many cities across the country. New York, for example, recorded 541 such attacks last year—almost double the 285 reported in 1971. Detroit averages 25 assaults on teachers every month. The result is that many teachers are afraid of their students and incapable of imposing the discipline needed for teaching.

Far more often, however, it is the students themselves who are the victims. School officials blame most of these incidents on intruders, often dropouts who return to prey on their former schoolmates. They lie in wait in school toilets to shake down students for their lunch money, roam the halls and playgrounds extorting and terrorizing.

Such violence reflects to a large extent the jungle of the slums, for it is there that the schools with the worst problems are located. For an addict needing money for his next fix, a stu-

dent with lunch money is an obvious target. Gang fights frequently spill over into school buildings. Vandalism alone costs schools \$200 million a year nationally. Violent acts are often so seemingly meaningless that they defy reason. Outside Intermediate School 155 in New York's desolate South Bronx, a youngster was nearly stomped to death recently during an argument over a bottle of soda pop.

Increasingly, students in such schools are arming themselves with knives and cheap handguns. "In the kids' eyes, a gun is an equalizer," says one teacher. At Los Angeles' Compton High School a 17-year-old student, armed with a gun and a knife, demanded money from a 16-year-old. The victim drew his own gun and shot the extortionist dead.

One answer to the rampant violence is to place guards in the schools. New York City is training 1,200 security guards for its 95 high schools. Chicago has increased its guard force of off-duty policemen from 200 to 490 in the past three years. It now assigns up to eight men to each school, where they inspect locks on doors and check student identification cards, which bear not only the student's photograph and class schedule but are color coded to show his lunch hour. As a result, Chicago has reported an 11% drop in assaults. Philadelphia has assigned 61 uniformed policemen to problem high schools, organized an 80-man mobile strike force of retired cops, and has had a similar drop in school violence and crime.

Some educators sadly observe that elaborate security arrangements only shift the scene of the crimes elsewhere. "It's a community problem," says Crenshaw Principal Thompson. "We can secure the schools, but that doesn't secure the communities." Perhaps not, but it is certainly an important first step

press. Nor will funds from revenue sharing be available; they will be spent on other city services. Says Mayor Roman Gribbs: "Sharing the federal money with the schools would be like getting a lifeboat and then cutting it in half."

The state legislature is not likely to help either. It is dominated by rural and suburban interests who resent contributing taxes to Detroit's schools, particularly when its school tax rate is less than half that of some suburbs and far below the state average of 26 mills. Snaps Democrat William Copeland of suburban Wyandotte: "I don't see how you can expect me to tax my people for Detroit when they are already paying their fair share for the schools, and Detroit is only paying 15 mills."

Nor are the state's voters noticeably eager to add to their heavy tax bills. They overwhelmingly defeated last November a referendum sponsored by Governor William G. Milliken that would have abolished local property taxes as the basic method of financing public schools. Voters feared the proposal would lead to higher income taxes, mostly for the benefit of Detroit. Since then, the state Supreme Court has followed the precedent set by other states and ruled that Michigan's unequal funding of schools is unconstitutional. It left to the legislature, however, the details of what might be a more equitable way of paying for schools. The formula is likely to be a long time coming—certainly too long to help Detroit out of its crisis.

A Carrot. One possible solution was proposed last week by Milliken and State Senator Gilbert Bursley of Ann Arbor, who drafted a bill that would increase state aid, but only if a district's voters agreed to increase their local school taxes. "This carrot," says Bursley, "may be enough for the voter to see the reward in voting for millage."

Even so, not enough time may be left to save Detroit. Despite eleventh-hour negotiations with legislators, the board of education made no changes in its plan to close down. "Closing will be somewhat precipitate," says Superintendent Charles Wolfe, "because we don't have the time—nor should we take it—for an orderly closing. There are few school days left, and I want to take advantage of every one of them."

Serious as the effects may be this school year, they promise to be even worse next fall. The early closing of schools would mean that the board must cancel leases on 25 rented classroom buildings; they may not be available next year. Teachers and other personnel may move away or take other jobs. Unless amended by the legislature, existing state aid will be reduced because the distribution formula is based on how many days the schools are in session this year. Federal aid, school officials fear, may also be jeopardized. Thus, far from solving its financial problems by closing early, Detroit schools figure to have even worse ones next year.

GUARDS WATCHING STUDENTS AT VIOLENCE-RIDDEN MICHIGAN HIGH SCHOOL



"Some Tax Reforms are Needed... But Let's Reform the Right Things... counteract all this irresponsible talk about 'tax loopholes'..."

Lewis W. Foy, President, Bethlehem Steel Corporation



"I'm in favor of tax reform. Obviously some reforms are needed . . . they're overdue . . . no question about it. But it is vital that they reform the *right* things the *right* way.

"We've got to counteract all this irresponsible talk about 'tax loopholes.' Measures such as the investment credit and liberal depreciation allowances aren't 'loopholes.' They're forthright measures aimed at encouraging certain results—and they've been pretty successful.

"There *has to be* encouragement for business investment, *now*, for the same reasons that President Kennedy had in mind in 1962—to provide new jobs, and to stimulate the economy. And, today *more so* than in 1962, for yet another reason—to make American industry more productive and more competitive with producers in other countries.

"A sensible, coherent tax policy is essential if we are to encourage new capital spending through a generous investment tax credit and liberal depreciation allowances. These measures don't just help business. They help everybody who benefits from increased economic activity—and that includes all of us."

The French Manifesto

In Paris last week, Surgeon Georges Thomeret talked to reporters and displayed a photograph of a dead woman. "She was 24 years old, married, and had a child of two. She had an abortion, done by her concierge. *Voilà*: dead of septicemia [blood poisoning] because she could not afford \$500 for a safe abortion in England. That is why I signed the manifesto, because of this woman and others like her."

The manifesto, issued last week and signed by 390 French doctors, makes bold demands on a nation that has successfully resisted even moderate abortion reform for half a century; it calls for unrestricted abortion on request—and at the expense of the state. Many of the signers are prominent in medicine and some are practicing Catholics. All, moreover, acknowledge that they have performed or arranged abortions because "we believe it is our duty to help women." The doctors realize that their admission makes them liable to punishment under France's archaic law prohibiting abortion except to save a woman's life. But they are undeterred. "We will stand trial together," they proclaim defiantly.

Two days after the manifesto appeared, 206 well-known French citizens—including four Nobel prizewinners—added their voices to the demand for reform. They issued a "charter" calling for abortion on several grounds, among them poor health, rape, incest and "grave social conditions."

Appearing only four weeks before the sharply contested national elections, the manifesto and charter have provoked bitter controversy across France. For the first time since the present abor-

tion law was passed in 1920, chances for reform seem good.

The Gaullist government is not expected to buy the idea of liberalization without a fight. A few years ago a committee of the Public Health Ministry insisted that "the state can never legalize abortion." Government officials and their supporters, still of the same mind, at first did not respond to last week's declarations, hoping to forestall debate. They feared that inflamed public opinion could force a change in the government's stance, thus alienating Catholic voters. By midweek, however, the newspapers were so full of the controversy that silence became impossible. Public Health Minister Jean Foyer



FRENCH DOCTORS ADVOCATING ABORTION

spoke out, calling the manifesto "excessive" and charging the reformers with political maneuvering and provocation.

A more positive response came, surprisingly, from a Gaullist Deputy, Jacques Sourdille of the Ardennes region, who announced that he would soon introduce a liberal abortion bill in the National Assembly. The fate of that measure depends partly on the election outcome. If the Gaullists are defeated, the bill—or a similar one—is almost certain to pass. If they win, Sourdille's permissive bill may be defeated, but public opinion is nevertheless expected to force at least some degree of reform.

The prospects for liberalization have been further enhanced by two recent events: the U.S. Supreme Court decision allowing abortion on demand, and the case of Marie-Claire Chevalier, 15, who was arrested and tried in Paris because she had had an abortion after being raped (she was acquitted, but her mother was convicted of arranging the operation).

Frenchmen have also been stirred by the jailing in Belgium of respected Gynecologist Willy Peers for performing 300 abortions in his Namur clinic. The Belgians are even more aroused. A Peers defense committee has collected 200,000 signatures defending the "lay saint," as he is called, and 1,000 Belgians, including 300 doctors, have admitted that they have arranged, performed or undergone abortions.

Male and Female

► Both men and women are continuing to cross traditional sex lines in employment. Recent examples:

1) As the first female deputy port warden in the U.S., Joellen Natow, 29, patrols Los Angeles harbor, checks the handling of flammable cargoes, and keeps an eye out for thieves, drug smugglers and illegal aliens. She has mastered

Abortion Around the World

LEGALLY or illegally, abortion is practiced in nearly every country in the world. In fact, more than half the world's population lives in countries that permit abortion for social as well as medical reasons.

Perhaps the most permissive toward abortion is the Soviet Union, which passed an open abortion law (virtually without restrictions) in 1920, years before any other country. To arrest a declining birth rate, the law was repealed in 1936—and then reinstated in 1955. Similarly liberal laws were passed during the 1950s in many Communist countries of Eastern Europe (Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Rumania and Bulgaria). Japan, too, has a permissive law, as do China and India. In the latter two countries, however, not everyone who wants an abortion can get one, simply because medical facilities are too few and often too far away for poor people to reach.

Laws are more restrictive, but increasingly flexible, in Scandinavia and Great Britain. In 1938, Sweden became the first of the Scandinavian countries to moderate its statutes, and the law has become increasingly permissive over the

years. In addition to allowing abortion for medical, eugenic and ethical (in cases of rape or incest) reasons, Sweden now permits it to protect "mental health," a term that can be broadly interpreted to justify abortion for almost any reason. However, the country requires a detailed investigation before permission is granted, and until 1965 permission was in fact denied in 20% to 40% of all cases. Now, however, the rate of refusal is much lower.

Most of the nations of Latin America have severely restrictive abortion laws on the books; in fact, abortion is totally illegal, even on medical grounds, in Bolivia, Colombia, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Guatemala and Panama. It is also banned outright, or only rarely permitted, in the predominantly Catholic countries of Europe, in most of the new African states, and in some Asian countries, among them Indonesia, Malaysia, Thailand and Taiwan.

Even in some countries where abortion is illegal—especially in South Korea and most of the Middle East—the operation is performed openly in clinics and hospitals. By contrast, abortions are performed clandestinely, but frequently, in many Latin American nations. Studies show that from 20% to 50% of all Latin American pregnancies are illegally ended.



DEPUTY PORT WARDEN JOELLEN MATOW
There's a camel in the channel.

the use of the .38-cal. revolver she carries, as well as such mysterious port argot as: "There's a camel loose in the channel; get a sea gull to pick it up." Translation: "A wharf pile is afloat; get a refuse boat to pick it up."

2) Jane Berquist of Chatham, N.J., has become one of the few female graduates of the Lycée Technique Hôtelier de Paris, a government-run cooking school. Despite French prejudice against women in commercial kitchens, Berquist is employed in a restaurant near Paris. The hardest part, she says, is the physical labor: lifting 25-lb. containers of almonds, for example.

3) Described as "the best class of nurses graduated from Bellevue Hospital in 100 years," 87 New York City police and firemen were granted diplomas last week. For 2½ years, they did their regular jobs by day and studied at night. Now 40 to 45 years old and with about 20 years' police and fire service behind them, most will soon retire and supplement their pensions by nursing.

► Real-life Latin lovers do not much resemble their ardent movie counterparts. That is the principal conclusion to be drawn from a survey of 1,056 Italian women by Lieta Harrison, a Sicilian writer. Harrison interviewed equal numbers of mothers and their married daughters and found the generations in agreement that "Italian men are disappointing as lovers and overbearing as husbands." One Milanese wife complained that her husband "has no passion," while a Roman wife described her spouse as "uninspiring." More than one-fourth of the wives charged that their husbands had committed adultery—and many of the younger women had responded by taking lovers of their own. Why did many others remain faithful? "I haven't betrayed him because I am stupid," explained one. Said another: "I'm always pregnant, that's why."

THE PRESS

Showdown in New York

The scope and quality of New York *Times* coverage give the impression that the paper is more of a public-service institution than a mercantile enterprise. But *Times* executives have been forcefully reminded that they are running a business by recurrent evidence that business is not as good as it used to be. Now, on top of the cost pressures that beset many metropolitan dailies, the *Times* and the other New York City papers face crucial negotiations with 13 unions whose contracts expire March 30. A strike of any duration could be cruelly damaging.

The central issue in the bargaining will be automation, particularly in the composing room. "We have to have it," insists *Times* Publisher Arthur Ochs ("Punch") Sulzberger. While many papers elsewhere have clung to life and profits by modernizing technical operations, Bertram Powers, president of Typographical Union No. 6, has forced the New York dailies to retain archaic machinery and procedures. Automation would allow the *Times*, for one thing, to phase out Linotype machines (a 19th century invention) and install computers that can set type directly from edited copy. Such moves have been anathema to the printers in the past. Ten years ago Powers was the key figure in a disastrous four-month strike. Now he says that he is willing to discuss automation.

Poor Showing. Another promising sign is that Powers so far has put a damper on strike talk. But negotiations began only last week with two of the unions and bargaining is yet to start with the others. Powers observes that it is "most unusual" to wait until the deadline is so close. Before the last con-

tract three years ago, talks had been going on for six months. From the management side have come hints that a strike would be preferable to a settlement like the one in 1970, which included large wage increases* and no automation concessions. Says Powers: "Some people—on both sides—expect the impossible."

The *Times* badly needs some production economies. Though earnings for the entire company increased in 1972, the advance resulted entirely from subsidiary operations such as the prosperous supermarket magazine *Family Circle*. Per-share earnings of the newspaper itself declined 2c, to 54c. Daily circulation increased only 9,900, to 851,000, which is 174,900 below the record high of November 1968. Sunday sales went up only 1,500, to 1,453,000, or 150,500 below the peak figure. Advertising linage grew by 7.2%, but nearly half this increase was in cut-rate suburban editions. Overall, the showing was poor compared with the recovery made by most publishers from the mediocre showing in 1971.

No Budget. In a somber December message to employees—the second such Yuletide memo in two years—Sulzberger outlined the paper's major problems. The exodus of middle-class families to the suburbs continues to demand an expensive transition from newsstand to home-delivery service. In town, the number of newsstands has dropped, from 10,632 ten years ago to 8,052 today. If the *Times* is to reach an ever more widely scattered readership, satellite printing plants must eventually be established. Competition from ex-

*Printers won pay boosts of 15% the first year and 11% in each of the next two, amounting to a top weekly salary of \$285.78.



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THE PRESS

pandering suburban papers has also hurt. *Newsday* on Long Island, for instance, recently entered the Sunday field. National magazines offer metropolitan advertising editions at competitive rates, and broadcasting continues to vie for advertising.

The Sulzberger memo also acknowledged, but did not spell out, problems "of our own making." For decades the *Times* was run like a cozy family affair. The opportunity to acquire a TV station was ignored 25 years ago. Staff was allowed to expand with little concern for the cost. Says Punch Sulzberger: "When I first came here [1955], there was no budget." Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Punch's father, would share profit-and-loss figures with only three other top executives because, as his son says, "It was no one else's business." According to Sulzberger, then-Managing Editor Turner Catledge "would simply spend money until my father told him to hold back a little on hiring or other expenses."

Toothless Drift. Such quaint practices were doomed in 1968, when the *Times* offered a sizable block of shares to the public. Investors were pleased by record profits in 1969, but the costly 1970 labor settlement and declining earnings provoked much criticism of the company's management. Sulzberger candidly admits that "we were drifting, but we really had not, as a management team, put any teeth into doing anything about it."

Early last year, in an unusual move, Sulzberger and a hand-picked group of younger *Times* executives attended an American Management Association course in team planning. After a week of twelve-hour sessions, Sulzberger named four new senior vice presidents and told them to put their crash training into immediate practice. Cost cutting and diversification have become the dominant motifs. Says James C. Goodale, 39, one of the new executives: "The fact of the matter is, we're running the company."

The *Times* will now undoubtedly strike a more aggressive business posture. Sulzberger says management's first "five-year plan" will be presented to the company's board this spring. The *Times* now owns ten daily or weekly papers in Florida and is looking for ways to acquire more diversified holdings.

Some employees worry, naturally enough, that tighter cost control may inhibit the *Times*'s news operation and eliminate jobs. An informal four-year hiring freeze has already cut 28 people from the paper's editorial staff, reducing the number to 500. There have been a number of other economies as well.

Managing Editor A.M. Rosenthal points with pride to the *Times*'s comprehensive coverage: "The *Times* takes really the whole world as its area. We can't say we'll give up covering the country and concentrate on New York or Washington." No one has threatened

such a drastic move but, warns Goodale, "The news department has got to meet its budget too." Let's they be identified as fat rather than sinew. *Times* newsmen are at pains these days to show that they are busy. High-priced reporters do some of the fetching once left to lowly copy boys; one wit describes the newsroom atmosphere now as "like Europe in the summer of 1914." In the easygoing past, at least one bridge game was always in progress in the city room. Says Rosenthal: "Those days have been gone for a long time."

Short Takes

► Several million TV viewers watched CBS's *60 Minutes* cast doubt on Lieut. Colonel Anthony Herbert's charge that the Army had stripped him of his command in Viet Nam because he reported U.S. atrocities to his superior officers (*TIME*, Feb. 12). But precious few newspaper readers saw any mention of the CBS investigative coup the next day. Neither the Associated Press nor United Press International carried the story—a strange omission, considering the wide coverage given to Herbert's antimilitary statements. The A.P. says that the story did not justify the space a full background explanation would have taken. The U.P.I. editors could not recall receiving advance notice of the show, although CBS staged a press screening and delivered broadcast transcripts to major New York City news outlets. The New York *Times*, which *60 Minutes* had singled out as the paper most responsible for publicizing Herbert's side of the story, did carry a straightforward account of the program.

► When the conservative Chicago *Tribune* began running Columnist Nicholas von Hoffman's left-leaning iconoclasm last June, it warned readers that "his provocative and controversial style will shock and anger some." Sure enough, shock and anger quickly appeared—in *Tribune* editorials. "We can't sit by," the *Trib* huffed in July, "while he refers to Israel as 'the Prussia of the Middle East.'" The next month, the paper hopped up again to skewer Von Hoffman's critical description of Republican partying at the Miami convention: "If some [of the delegates] appeared to be affluent, well, so do some syndicated columnists." When Von Hoffman recently blamed the nationwide energy crisis on the greed of oil, gas and coal industries, the *Trib* retorted on the same day: "Danger: dilutant at work." So far, the paper has quarreled with the columnist (whose regular base is the Washington *Post*) five times. *Trib* Editorial Page Chief John McCutcheon reasons that Von Hoffman's views might otherwise be mistaken for the *Trib*'s own. The columnist has no complaint. "All you can ask," he says, "is that your own squeaky voice be heard along with the other squeaky voices."

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BUSINESS

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The "Irregular Economy"

FOR many have-not blacks, Puerto Ricans and other ghettoized minorities, the exemplar of business success is the paddy dude in a wide-brimmed hat and high-heeled shoes who has made good—as a pimp. A few highly enterprising procurers pocket \$100,000 a year. Indeed, crimes like narcotics peddling, prostitution and gambling are major moneymaking activities in the ghettos. They constitute a kind of "irregular economy," which churns over huge sums that are never figured in the gross national product. Nor are taxes collected on most of this money. For all the harm that the rackets inflict, they do provide jobs and capital that many blacks and others find difficult to get in the regular economy. Lately this lawless economy has been growing so rapidly that it is attracting the attention of economists and other scholars determined to measure its dimensions.

Though figures are imprecise, the turnover in the ghetto from narcotics, numbers, prostitution and other rackets amounts to about \$5 billion a year. According to one study, the black population of Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section spent \$88 million on drugs and policy gambling in 1970—about \$11 million more than it collected in welfare funds. The report's authors, Harold D. Lasswell, a political scientist, and Jeremiah McKenna, a former Manhattan assistant district attorney, found that the numbers operation alone had an annual payroll of \$15 million making it the biggest private employer in the area. Today the revenues are substantially higher.

Francis Ianni, a Columbia University professor who is studying the impact of crime on black communities, notes that some criminal entrepreneurs plow back a part of their earnings into legitimate ventures like dry-cleaning shops, real estate developments, bars and nonlicensed gypsy-cab fleets. One Los Angeles police captain disputes this claim: "Ghetto criminals don't create businesses. Mostly they buy them up, suck them dry, and take tax losses."

Tox-Free. At the fringes, though, the irregular economy melts into the regular one. For example, when not transporting customers, gypsy cabs may transport stolen goods, and storekeepers sometimes act as fences. A ring of ghetto car thieves in Brooklyn ran locksmith shops and several auto junkyards that assisted the illegal enterprise, but also conducted legitimate business. A ghetto bar or grocery store often serves as a front for a numbers operation while making legal sales to customers, who may or may not know what is going on. The grocery may even use its tax-free profits from numbers gambling to extend interest-free credit to poor shoppers. "There is community support for some crime because it delivers vital services," says Ianni.

The greatest risks and richest rewards are in the narcotics trade, which in many slum areas is increasingly controlled by blacks. Some are even by passing the big-time importers, who are white, and bringing in their own heroin, cocaine and other drugs from Latin America or Southeast Asia. In Boston, police estimate that street sales of her-

oin, mainly by blacks to blacks, totaled \$65 million last year. Factory owners, who buy in bulk, may knock down as much as \$26,000 a week. Their distributors can earn \$3,800, and the lowly pusher, often an addict, gets about \$125 and all the smack he can shoot—about \$900 worth a week at current prices. Before he was jailed, one young black hustler, beginning from scratch five years ago, built up a dope-peddling business in Boston that employed 20 people and grossed \$2.5 million a year.

Providing illegal gambling opportunities, especially numbers betting, is a lucrative enterprise for ambitious blacks. Chicago has ten major numbers operations, some black-controlled, which bring in as much as \$10 million a year—mostly from blacks. In Bedford-Stuyvesant the numbers play last year came to about \$40 million.

Opinions differ on how the Government should deal with the irregular economy. The Lasswell-McKenna report on Bedford-Stuyvesant calls for legalizing gambling as a means of taking the play away from criminals. A measure that would amend the constitution to legalize gambling is now before the New York legislature. Poor blacks tend to be against such a change because they distrust government, and they figure that the proceeds from gambling would be taken away from the black numbers runners and other local operatives. In addition, numbers men now extend credit to their customers, but legal betting parlors demand cash. Lisle C. Carter, a Cornell University sociologist, notes that ghetto crime is a source of investment resources, of both equity and debt capital. "Some criminal kingpins, for example, lend money to people who want to go into honest business. Carter warns against moving too fast in rooting out crime in the ghetto

lest this capital source dry up, leaving the inhabitants worse off than ever. Until more blacks are given greater economic opportunity, the brutalizing irregular economy may be the only crack at free enterprise that they get.

RAILROADS

Perils of Penn Central

The Penn Central railroad made an unscheduled stop just short of chaos last week. Within hours after 28,000 members of the United Transportation Union shut down the line in 16 states, an emergency back-to-work law was whipped through both houses of Congress and jet-shipped to San Clemente, where President Nixon signed it in the middle of the night. That *Perils of Pauline* save marked the eighth time in six years that Congress has had to intervene at the last minute to prevent or stop a major rail strike.

The latest crisis was right out of a grade-B melodrama. A bankrupt railroad was being struck by a union that had seen better days over the fate of 5,700 superfluous brakemen. A bankruptcy court ordered a reduction in the work force last December, and management decided to drop the brakemen through attrition. Even though no workers were to be fired, the union's president, Al Chesser, did not care to see his ranks depleted, and he authorized a strike. Before Chesser's men went back to work, some 160,000 commuters had to find alternate ways to work, and the nation's three major auto companies were about to close some of their plants for lack of raw materials.

The congressional action provides for a 90-day cooling-off period and calls on the Nixon Administration to submit a plan within 45 days for the preservation of essential rail service in the Northeast. One of the first problems facing the planners is how big the Penn Central net should be. The railroad has some 20,000 miles of tracks, including scores of little-used spurs to sparsely populated areas; much of this money-draining mileage will have to be abandoned. Chesser has suggested that the Government buy Penn Central's right of way, repair the sadly deteriorated tracks and then let Penn Central trains—and perhaps others—use the tracks for a fee. Before the 90-day respite expires, Congress may well be moved to enact compulsory arbitration legislation for all transportation industry disputes, lest there be more eleventh-hour crises. The Administration prepared such a bill last year but abandoned support for it after the Teamsters endorsed Nixon's candidacy for re-election.

At the heart of Penn Central's trouble is the question of its future ownership. The company's trustees figure that merely to replace its aging equipment and roadbed the line will need from \$600 million to \$800 million in

new capital—a sum no bankers would be willing to advance to a bankrupt line. Few members of Congress are eager to bail out Penn Central, and the Administration opposes such a move. Full nationalization of the line is supported by some labor leaders, but has few fans in either management or Government. Unprofitable and unwanted, the line will probably continue to lurch from crisis to crisis until some day, more by default than design, it ends up a ward of U.S. taxpayers.

HOUSING

Move out of Modules

Among the bright dreams of better living through technology that were spawned in the 1960s was the vision of assembly-line housing. There would be mass production in the factory of entire rooms, or modules, which would be shipped to building sites and stacked in place by cranes to create moderately priced homes almost instantaneously. The vision bewitched, among others, George Romney, then Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. He declared two years ago, that by 1980 "at least two-thirds of all housing production will be factory produced."

That goal now seems out of sight. Indeed, the modular-housing industry is in a state of shock, a victim of bad luck and slipshod planning. Sales, it is true, have been climbing—to 120,000 homes last year, from 81,000 in 1971—but they still constitute only about 5% of all housing starts. Profits on this low volume have been so thin that modular housing is now being abandoned by many of its would-be pioneers.

Two weeks ago Fruehauf Corp., the producer of truck trailers, threw in the hammer and joined a long parade of

big companies out of the modular-housing field. In the last year or so, ITT Levitt, Florida Gas Co., Potlatch Forests Inc., Hercules Inc. and Wickes Corp., along with a score of smaller firms, also pulled out of the industry. Last year Florida's Behring Corp. cut its losses and closed down the nation's largest house-building plant. Beseit by production and marketing troubles, another industry leader, Stirling Homex, crashed into bankruptcy seven months ago.

Many companies had scooted into the field without much planning, in the belief that the Government was going to subsidize a large portion of the building costs. HUD's Operation Breakthrough did underwrite some production, but the department never laid out anywhere near as much money as builders had expected. Says Kenneth D. Campbell, president of Audit Investment Research, which specializes in real estate: "It wasn't really an industry at all. Just a bunch of companies with big hopes." Some companies like Behring and Potlatch took great pains in designing and equipping their plants, only to find that they could not generate enough volume to cover their investment and high fixed operating costs.

The sales of many builders of modular houses are effectively restricted to a 300-mile radius of their plants because of the prohibitively high rates of shipping modules, which range up to \$1 a mile. Also, community zoning and building codes round the country vary wildly, making genuine mass production for a nationwide market all but impossible. In an effort to overcome this problem, 26 states have agreed to uniform codes; yet to protect the highly paid jobs of craft union members, many codes are still fussy in demanding a certain gauge of wire for electric circuits, a particular type of weld for pipes and specific widths for studs. The specifica-

CRANE LIFTING FACTORY-BUILT ROOMS INTO PLACE NEAR FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.



BUSINESS

tions almost force the use of hand labor on the building site.

Competition is also tough. On large development projects with more than 400 units, a sharp local builder of traditional homes can offer houses that look less boxy than the modular kind at close to the average modular price of \$22,500. One reason: traditional builders in cold climates can, in effect, hibernate through the winter, in contrast to modular-home builders, who must pay the cost of maintaining a factory and a corps of trained workers. Though modular buildings are often a good buy for the money, they have yet to gain wide enough acceptance from the public, which still remembers the shoddy prefabricated houses of the post-World War II period.

Despite its current travail, modular housing still has great potential. Its advocates commonly say that the housing industry today is in the same state as the auto business in the early 1900s: it is painstakingly building handcrafted products at inflated prices. The other part of the analogy is that no Henry Ford of housing has yet appeared to show conclusively the benefits of assembly-line production at a moderate price.

GREECE

An Unlikely Boom

Greek folklore has it that when God made the earth, he picked out all the stones from the soil, threw them in a pile and called it Greece. For centuries this poverty-plagued country has been the poor stepchild of one foreign power after another, rarely able to pay its bills or manage its economic destiny without the aid of wealthier neighbors. All that is changing now, as the progeny of Herodotus and Homer ride high on one of Europe's least expected booms. Per capita income has climbed to \$1,200 a year, spurred by an economic growth rate of 10.5% last year that left the rest of Europe far behind. In the past five years the number of autos in Greece has doubled, and the use of electricity has more than tripled. In remote mountain villages, TV antennas sprout from roofs like aluminum saplings, feeling the air for telecasts of *VOTZI* and *MIONANTZA* (I Love Lucy and Bonanza).

The economy, slowly revving up since the late 1940s with the help of a steady infusion of American economic and military aid, has lately taken off under the austere stewardship of the

rightist military regime of Colonel George Papadopoulos. The junta, which seized power in a bloodless 1967 coup, has wooed foreign investors with tax breaks and low-interest loans, and has helped to create a healthy business climate by ruthlessly suppressing political unrest. By last December, when postwar American aid had reached \$3.95 billion, the regime announced proudly that further handouts would no longer be needed.

In the past two decades, private American investors have poured some \$275 million into the Greek economy, dotting the landscape with factories bearing such names as Dow Chemical, Goodyear, Upjohn, Westinghouse. Lately, officers of Alcoa have been discussing construction of a \$100 million aluminum plant.

Greece also is getting a kind of fall-out from the general prosperity of Western Europe, which has increased the nation's tourist revenues and the remittances sent home by Greeks working abroad. The Papadopoulos government has persuaded Greeks to put the money to work within their own country, partly by dampening dissent—Greek businessmen need not fear strikes—and partly by promotional schemes, including a campaign to get Greeks to invest their savings in the local stock market. A building boom has followed, and tens of thousands of Greeks have begun returning from West Germany, Canada and the U.S. to cash in on the resulting labor shortage. While abroad, many of

them also developed entrepreneurial and managerial skills. Even Greek restaurant owners, expatriate fixtures in cities round the globe, are returning. Says Nick Sokaris, U.S.-born son of an Albany, N.Y., restaurateur, who opened his own Stage Coach restaurant in Athens in mid-1971: "I had to decide whether to stay in Greece or go back to the States, and I decided the real opportunity was in Greece. The restaurant is a success now, and there is room in Athens for 20 more just like it."

Greek shipowners, who for decades made their headquarters in London and Manhattan, are also being lured back. The government has built one of Europe's most advanced communications systems, which lets them stay in touch not only with the world's shipping markets but also with their own far-flung vessels. Even small offices are now routinely equipped with the latest teletype facilities as well as direct-dial connections to U.S. and Canadian ports.

There is a dark side to prosperity after many years of stable prices; the country is running into serious inflation. The 1972 inflation rate was about 4% according to the official government index, but there was also a booming black market in food and other consumer items, an outgrowth of government price controls. The black market prices—what Greeks refer to as "the hat"—are the difference between what the government says the local butcher can charge for a piece of veal, and what the shopper actually has to pay for it.

Some Athenians say that the hat is driving their household expenses up by 15% a year.

Prosperity is depopulating the countryside. For the first time, more than half the population lives in towns and cities of at least 20,000. Everywhere, olives and citrus fruits hang rotting from branches, waiting for pickers who have left for the cities.

In spite of inflation, Greeks seem eager for more of the modern economy, and the emergence of a new class of entrepreneurs holds out a promise that they will get it. To a majority of them, the Papadopoulos rule seems a tolerable annoyance when weighed against the benefits of growth. More businessmen may soon be investing, particularly if other governments continue to put controls on investments by foreigners to halt speculation in the dollar. As a developing country, Greece has used its foreign currency to import needed goods, and it has no surplus of dollars. Thus it is likely to remain a nation in which a foreigner can freely bring in capital and start a business.



BUSTLING DOWNTOWN STREET IN ATHENS
Restaurant owners are returning.

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The Whole Universe Catalogue

BUCKY

by HUGH KENNER

338 pages, Morrow, \$7.95.

If you want to get in touch with R. Buckminster Fuller—to invite him to accept yet another honorary degree, or to complain of a leak in your geodesic dome—what you do is cable "BUCKY," Carbondale, Ill. Trouble is, he is not likely to be there. With the exception of astronauts and veteran airline pilots, Fuller is one of the most traveled men in human history. There are well over 3,000,000 miles in his wake, and a schedule of worldwide lectures and consultations so crowded that he wears three watches. One runs on Carbondale time, where at the University of Southern Illinois, Fuller makes his headquarters as a Distinguished University Professor. The second keeps track of the time where he is, and the third tells him the time where he will be the next day.

Long ago Fuller adopted the Thomas Edison system of quick snoozes so that he could manage 22-hour working days. Yet it is typical of Fuller's unorthodox way of looking at the world that he first got the idea of catnaps from watching a dog. In his familiar role as a minister of progress from the 21st century and "publicist for the universe," Fuller is not only a generalist in the best American thinker-tinker tradition, he is the human equivalent of Telstar—intercepting the music of the spheres and vectoring it down to earth with an enthusiasm just this side of *Revelation*. "I am no genius," Fuller likes to say, "but I am a terrific package of experience."

Geometry. The package is now 77 It stands a little over five feet and usually comes wrapped in a clerical black suit and vest that sets off an honorary Phi Beta Kappa key. The head, or node receptor, as Fuller might call it, carries a hearing aid and glasses so thick they magnify his eyes. This figure has been around so long and has impinged on public awareness so many times, it sometimes seems that Fuller is constantly being discovered and forgotten.

The problem is that the Fuller package will not fit into any standard box. The geodesic dome is a marvel of simplicity and strength, but few engineers will admit that its creator is an engineer. Mathematicians are chilly, though many admire his geometry. Fuller's poetry, the hyperventilated phrasing of his ideas in a form that is supposed to facilitate understanding, frequently lapses into technological jargon. That fact did not seem to bother the Harvard selection committee that awarded Fuller the 1961-62 Charles Eliot Norton Professorship, a chair once occu-

pled by T.S. Eliot. In trying to convey and assess Bucky, Hugh Kenner, a literary man who has written books on Joyce, Beckett and Pound, solves the Fuller packaging problem brilliantly. Instead of boxes, he spins a sort of geodesic Glad Bag in which Fuller's life, work and utopian ideals are clearly and excitingly displayed, even as they are kept fresh from the souring realities of the world.

He was fitted with glasses at the age of four, and he suggests that poor eyesight had something to do with his preference for thinking in wholes rather than parts. In any case, the career that follows is a classic case of a man of long vision in a nearsighted world. Fuller grew up during an age of me-

living expenses on dinner for the entire Ziegfeld chorus line.

A last fling before adulthood closed in? The jobs Fuller held in early manhood might lead one to think so: machine fitter in a cotton mill, Navy ensign during World War I, managing exports for a meat packer and sales for a truck company. The presidency of the Stockade Building System (1922-27) sounds more like it. Fuller and his father-in-law copatented a tough, light substitute for bricks that eliminated the need for hod carriers and mortars. Holes in the blocks were lined up and cement poured in. Both the brick industry and the unions ganged up against the idea (which was later successfully renewed), and the company folded.

The business failure came during the most discouraging period in Fuller's life. It included poverty and the death of Alexandra, his three-year-old daughter,

who died of spinal meningitis and polio. The child's death, said the grieving father, was "design-preventable." Always accentuating the positive, he even turned from thoughts of suicide at 32 on the assumption that he was the custodian of one of the universe's vital resources.

Fuller chose two years of silence, study and contemplation instead. "From his silence," says Kenner, "he emerged talking of everything at once, and was barely intelligible." His first book, *Time-locks*, a chain reaction of nascent Fullerese, was "like a cloud of gas just condensing into a galaxy."

When it cooled down, Fuller's galactic vision turned out to be a peculiarly Yankee notion of universal principles translatable into an earthly utopia. Fuller's trademark word was Dymaxion, which meant getting the most out of available technology. Dymaxion houses would solve the world's shelter problems. Dymaxion cars, steered by a single rear wheel, could park in a space only one foot larger than the car itself. Today, Fuller holds more than 20 patents, mostly for structural designs still to be put to use.

In these days of disenchantment with technology, it is not too difficult to find blind spots in Fuller's vision. Many of his ideas are as old as Archimedes. He is too rational for human nature. He avoids details, particularly politics, in favor of charting immense generalities. But Kenner, who is a protecting angel as well as a biographer, offers a final word. Fuller's mission, he writes, is to spread a sense of wholeness and connectedness. Like Emerson and Whitman, he wants people to feel the universe in blades of grass and bubbles. He also retains the faith that principles can be turned into



BUCKMINSTER FULLER

An active irregular verb.

chanical wizardry. In 1889, the Eiffel Tower revolutionized building. At the turn of the century Count Zeppelin had, in effect, laid a covered tower on its side, filled it with gas and floated off. Marconi sent a wireless message across the Atlantic. The Wright brothers flew, and off the Maine coast a boy named Bucky Fuller Tom-Swifted a rowing device—a combination jellyfish and umbrella that enabled him to pole through deep water.

Formal schooling did not go well. Still, as a descendant of a prominent Massachusetts family that included Emerson's fellow transcendentalist, Margaret Fuller, Bucky in 1913 became a third-generation Harvard man. Within two years he had been thrown out twice—the second and final time for running off to New York to blow his semester's

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BOOKS

models and that models can be explained in words. "The last Puritan," Kenner calls him. Fuller sees reality not as permanence but as process. "I seem to be a verb," he says of himself. A highly active and irregular one, and Kenner conjugates it with great understanding, grace and affection. ■ R. Z. Sheppard

How Now, Brown Cow?

ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL
by JAMES HERRIOT

442 pages. St. Martin's Press. \$7.95.

What the world needs now, and does every so often, is a warm, G-rated, down-home, unadrenalized prize of a book that sneaks onto the bestseller lists for no apparent reason other than a certain floppy-eared puppy appeal.

However, it is only partly because warm puppies—along with cows, horses, pigs, cats and the rest of the animal kingdom—figure as his main characters that James Herriot's memoirs qualify admirably. Dr. Herriot is a country veterinarian who has practiced in the Yorkshire dales of northern England for more than three decades, and he clearly and fondly knows the two-footed creatures on his rounds as well as the four-footed. The result is a collection of word pictures of rural Britain in the 1930s, when the author was starting his career. Like Norman Rockwell sick-room paintings, *All Creatures* owes some of its charm to the certainty that a lot more antibiotics are used now than four decades ago.

Young Dr. Herriot is forever stripping to the waist in some drafty Darroby barn and soaping up his arm to plunge it into one troubled animal orifice or another. For Herriot, and the reader, the rewards of such expeditions

JAMES HERRIOT & FRIEND





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Below are 20 traditional events you'll find in Britain in 1973. They are 20 good reasons to visit Britain in 1973.



The Queen's Swan Keeper has checked royal ownership of swans on the River Thames annually since Elizabeth I

Spring in Britain is still a time of celebration—the time when our forefathers used to welcome the burgeoning fertility of the year. For example:

1 May Morning Service, Magdalen College Tower, Oxford (May 1). At 6 a.m. the college choir greets the sunrise with special May Hymns. The service ends with a peal of bells—and traditional Morris Dancing in the streets.

2 Cornish Floral Dance, Helston, Cornwall (May 8). A local holiday for the whole community. A day of dancing and merrymaking.

3 Dunmow Flitch Trial, Dunmow, Essex (Whit Monday—Spring Bank Holiday—May 28). Mock public "trial" of married couples who claim they have not quarrelled for a year and a day. The ceremony dates back to the 13th century—Chaucer refers to it in his *Canterbury Tales*.

Throughout the summer, there are many interesting things to see and do. For instance:

4 Son et Lumière, There will be several of these "Living History" presentations in different parts of Britain throughout the summer. For example—the Royal Observatory, Greenwich (every night, July–September). Founded by Charles II and built by Wren in 1675 "for the advancement of navigation and nautical astronomy."

5 Setting the watch, Ripon, Yorkshire. Every night of the year at 9 p.m. the City Hornblower in his lawn-coloured tunic and tricorn hat blows 4 long notes on his 100-year-old horn in the city's 18th-century marketplace

6 York Festival and Mystery Plays, York, Yorkshire (June 15–July 8). Includes performances of the original medieval religious plays.

7 Chester Miracle Plays, Chester, Cheshire (June 23–July 8). One of Britain's two remaining "walled cities" (York is the other).

8 Market Day, Hereford, Herefordshire. Typical of the colourful and very lively market days, held twice a week in many of England's old county towns.

9 Lamb Fair, Findon, Sussex (July 14). Local farmers—and anyone else who wants to—flock here to buy and sell lambs—usually several thousand in a single day.

10 Swan Upping, on the River Thames between London and Henley (July 30). The Queen's Swan Keeper, in his scarlet livery, sets off from Southwark to round up all newly born cygnets and record their ownership—as required by Royal Licence since Elizabeth I

As summer moves into fall, a different set of age-old rituals are re-enacted, the harvest festivals of thanksgiving—and of hope.

11 Agricultural Shows, From September onwards for about three months, every British county with a major interest in agriculture holds its annual show. The *National Ploughing Championships* will be held at Penrith, Cumberland (October 24–25).

12 Mop Fairs, at Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (October 12); Warwick, Warwickshire (October 12 and 20); Marlborough, Wiltshire (September 29). At traditional Mop Fairs, masters and servants met to agree hiring terms.

ENJOY A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED NIGHT ON THE ROAD

To stay at a fine old country inn anywhere in Britain can cost from as little as \$7.50 a night. And because Britain is a "snug little island, a right little, tight little island" travel and accommodation couldn't be simpler. When you move around the country, you'll find a welcome at hotels, inns and farmhouses without having to book ahead. To help you get around, there are BritRail Passes from \$40, giving unlimited train travel all over Britain. Or you can use one of the reliable nationwide car-rental services—rates from as low as \$7 a day.¹¹



¹¹ Example shown. 1973 rates. Includes taxes, insurance, and parking and gasoline.



The Coldstream Guards (at Buckingham Palace) have mounted guard outside royal residences for more than three centuries.



Royal Highland Gathering: the first was held at Braemar over 900 years ago by Malcolm III.

It's not surprising that London has almost more than its fair share of British tradition, celebrated both daily and by seasons.

13 Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace (every morning between 11 a.m. and noon). Carried out by troops of the Queen's Personal Bodyguard.

14 Oyster Boat Race, all the way up the Thames from Gravesend to Cheery Garden Pier near London's Tower Bridge (September 8).

15 Doggett's Coat and Badge Race, London Bridge to Chelsea Bridge (August 1). The world's oldest competitive rowing events—instituted by Thomas Doggett in 1715 for the accession of King George I. The oarsmen row against the tide, and the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers award the champion a scarlet livery with silver buttons and a large silver badge.

16 Bank of England Picket, Threadneedle Street in the City of London. A detachment of the British Army marches from West End barracks along Victoria Embankment to guard the Bank.

To start your visit to Britain in a different way, why not come to Scotland first? BOAC flies 7 times a week to Prestwick, Scotland's international airport. You can start from Glasgow, hire a car, and take yourself down to London—leave the car in London when you fly home. Some suggestions of things to see in Scotland and Northern England:

17 Riding the Marches, Hawick, Roxburghshire (June 7-8). Dates back to days of medieval border warfare between the English and the Scots. An English flag, captured in 1514, is carried round the town in a horseback procession.

Why not start your vacation with a taste of Scotland?

18 Edinburgh Military Tattoo, Castle Esplanade, Edinburgh (August 17-September 8). The most dramatic military spectacle in the world.

19 Royal Highland Gathering, Braemar, Aberdeenshire (September 2). Founded by King Malcolm III in 1067, this famous "gathering of the clans" in the mountains of Deeside includes bagpipe contests, tossing the caber, and Massed Pipe Bands. The Queen and Royal Family come from nearby Balmoral Castle to watch.

Other Highland Gatherings about this time at Meadowbank, Edinburgh; Aboyne, Aberdeenshire; and Pitlochry, Perthshire.

20 Ravenglass to Eskdale Narrow gauge Railway, Cumberland. One of the most charming ways of exploring this picturesque corner of northwest England with its spectacular mountain and lakeland scenery.



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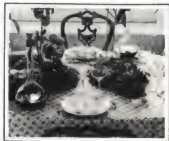
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BOOKS

range from delivery of little nibbling creatures who sometimes get stuck in the process of being born, to the periodic relief administered to Tricki Woo, a pampered little Pekingese constantly overruled by her mistress. To be fair, though, as Herriot invariably is, the struggling assistant vet is every bit as susceptible to the sherry and smoked oysters supplied him by Tricki's dowager owner as the dog is to her indulgences.

By and large, Dr. Herriot's world is not one of pampering but of wind-swept, hardscrabble farms run by families who need their animals for transport, income or food. Thus the worried calls reporting "summat amiss" frequently mark the unspoken fear that the caller's family may face a winter with no milk money for clothing or no home-cured ham for the table.

The author naturally dwells longer on his successes than his missteps, but even the latter provide moments of fine humor. Having refused to accept Herriot's expert diagnosis that his cow had a broken pelvis, one stubborn daleman proceeded to apply an ancient cure used by his father ("A very clever man with stock was me dad"). The cow turned out to be suffering only from loose pelvic ligaments, which happened to cure themselves almost at the moment the useless home remedy was applied. For years thereafter—which the author would be well advised to cover in a sequel—the animal was triumphantly introduced far and wide by its owner as "the cow Mr. Herriot said would never get up n more."

William R. Doerner

Strike It Rich

THE DEVIL TREE

by JERZY KOSINSKI

208 pages. Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich. \$6.95.

Postulate a neurotic, hopeless main character, then spend 200 pages proving that the character is hopeless and neurotic. Occasionally a novelist succeeds with such an attenuation of the obvious. Joan Didion did, after a fashion, with *Play It As It Lays*. In this sour, stunted, perfunctory tale of a numbered rich boy, Jerzy Kosinski does not.

The novel's situation—it is too static to be called a plot—seems better suited to one of Harold Robbins' meat operas than to the work of a man who once won the National Book Award (for *Steps*) and who is now a professor of prose and criticism at Yale. Kosinski's hero, Jonathan Whalen, is sole heir to one of the nation's great industrial fortunes, and to a remarkably ordinary set of psychological wounds. Whalen's father, a tycoon now dead, gave his son insufficient attention, and seems thereby to be the villain of the story—unless the villain is the new industrial state, or Western civilization itself.

At any rate, young Whalen is an ex-junky, an inept lecher, and a petulant,



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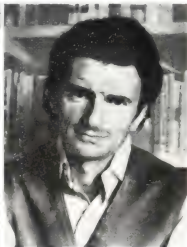
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BOOKS



JERZY KOSINSKI
Roots in the air.

sadistic jerk. Even such a figure might conceivably be observed to good effect, but Kosinski perceives nothing of unusual interest in the homunculus he has created. A succession of brief, turgid scenes demonstrates Whalen's emptiness, a quality that is never in doubt; nothing in the book offers any insight into the author's reasons for pursuing such an unrewarding project. One of Kosinski's few gestures toward literary excellence amounts to a stylistic tic: his repeated use of Grim Bits from Mother Nature to give symbolic weight to Whalen's flounders. The grotesque baobab tree, we learn, seems to have its branches in the earth and its roots in the air; a certain species of African bird can soar gracefully, but nearly always crashes when it lands, with the result that the earth beneath its air space is littered with broken, still living hulks. Heavy stuff, and not surprisingly it drops through the tissue of Kosinski's prose and sinks out of sight.

The author's other novels are as impressive as this one is futile. *The Painted Bird* follows the frightful journey of a small boy as he stumbles through war-torn Poland searching for his parents, while *Steps* observes a refugee's nightmarish encounters with America. A reader trying to account for the disparity between those books and *The Devil Tree* is driven to the not entirely convincing conclusion that Kosinski, who is a Pole, has strayed too far from his artistic roots.

■ John Skow

The Walking Zircon

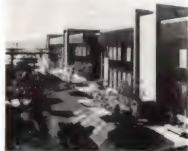
THE SPANISH SOLDIER
by HERBERT BUCKHOLZ

344 pages. Charterhouse, \$7.95.

The author's artistic and intellectual pretensions run a thrilling race with his talent through the pages of this dizzy comic novel. After being ahead for long sections of the book, talent loses out only in the last chapters. There is a cer-

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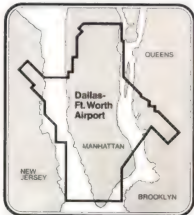
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BOOKS

tain spectator interest to this peculiar struggle (Will Buckholz really blow the whole thing? Can he possibly save anything?). Still, it is a relief when the reader—and apparently the novelist—realizes that absolutely nothing in *The Spanish Soldier* is to be taken seriously, not even the pretensions.

By this point, however, Buckholz's bad angel has led him into a region of formidable murk. The staid business of the novel is nothing less than a search for the Unholy Grail—the pewter cup. Buckholz imagines, from which Judas drank at the Last Supper. The searchers are Matthew Mendelsohn, a 33-year-old former New York state senator, and Lise, a moonstruck German beauty. For three years they have excavated the beaches and caves of Ibiza—Lise because she believes with the force of mania that the cup is there. Matthew because he believes serenely in nothing.

Faith. These preposterous doings are ornamented by a series of time displacements and truth warps in which Matthew appears as an American adventurer soldiering in Spain in 1836, and as a member of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade 100 years later. Repeatedly the author writes a scene that the reader is expected to follow in good faith, only to have Matthew, a chronic and helpless liar, admit that nothing of the sort ever happened. Then the incident is retold in terms of richer and yet more baroque untruth.

Matthew likes to call himself "the Walking Zircon," and his customary mental state is one of luxuriation in the wonder of his own phoniness. He is a man of high ability who does nothing. He seeks out degradation and implores the reader to revile him, but secretly he is in love with every rotten atom of himself.

The author finds Matthew's guilt as an Ibiza layabout a trifle more fascinating than the case warrants, and any reader who has put in time loafing in the European sun may suspect that he understands the inspiration for *The Spanish Soldier*. Buckholz himself lives on Ibiza, and his novel about Matthew's motiveless quest simply reflects an expatriate's guilty belief that he should face reality—which is to say, go back to the U.S. and get mugged in the subway.

Far worse books have been written for better motives, however, and despite the overcomplicated substructure, Buckholz's novel is the most interesting delight. The author is the best free-associating baloney stuffer since Richard Condon got tired. Matthew Mendelsohn's lies are good lies indeed—grossly outrageous and very funny. There is the lie of the Jewish Miss Universe, the lie of Matthew's buddy's on-the-battlefield commission, the truly evil-minded lie of Rosa the Kisser. Each is an authentic zircon, guaranteed to scratch cheese, free of defects for 90 days, less parts and labor. ■ J.S.


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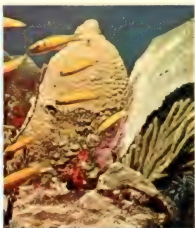
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The Money Game

Its origins are almost as old as civilization itself. It was once the pastime of Roman emperors, the "game of kings and the king of games." An upper-crusty Englishman observed that "it has ever been a game for the higher classes and has never been vulgarized or defiled by uneducated people." The elegant diversion is backgammon—and although it has long been enjoyed by an elite few in the private clubs and fashionable resorts of Europe, in the U.S. it lay face down in obscurity on the backside of a checkerboard. Until recently, that is.

In the past several years the ancient game has become the newest enthusiasm of the Bored-and-Beautiful, and its star-pointed game board has moved from the exclusive gaming rooms of Europe to the casinos of Las Vegas and the crowded parties in Hugh Hefner's Los Angeles mansion. Hefner and his friend Barbi, Bridge Star Oswald Jacoby, Ari and Christina Onassis, Prince Radziwill, Polly Bergen and Jill St. John have all discovered the social charms of backgammon: it is easy to learn, fast and exciting to play, and an enjoyable way to win, or lose, a lot of money.

The prize money in the tournament staged four weeks ago in Las Vegas was an impressive \$98,000. But the prizes paled in comparison to the enormous amounts—as much as \$100,000 per game—changing hands in side wagers. Winner Oswald Jacoby walked away with \$4,000 in prize money. Another \$20,000 was taken home by sideline bettors, who "bought" Jacoby (top players are auctioned off before the tournament) for \$2,000.* Englishman Phillip Martyn, a high-ranked contender who lost, sold for the day's top price of \$4,200.

Snob Appeal. It is not by accident that backgammon has been rediscovered. Ten years ago, Prince Alexis ("Obie") Obolensky, a member of the jet set and a shrewd entrepreneur, set out to make backgammon a popular game. Phase 1 of his elaborate strategy was to exploit backgammon's snob appeal. He haunted the posh watering places from Palm Beach to Gstaad, talking up the game. "I made people think they should be doing it, that only the best people were involved," he recalls. "We brought in snobism. Only in America can that kind of thing be done in a big way."

Phase 2 of Obolensky's plan was to develop a tournament system. There are now about a dozen a year held in such resorts as St. Martin, Monte Carlo and Cannes. The first such tourney, held in 1964 in Freeport, offered only about \$40 in prize money and attracted only

*Which entitled them to the winner's share of the auction money pool.

a handful of players. In contrast, 270 competitors turned out for the Las Vegas tourney this year.

Phase 3, which Obolensky is working on now, will bring backgammon to the masses. He is getting a hand from *Playboy* magazine, which this month is sending Bunnies to several veterans' hospitals to dispense game boards and instructions. He is also being helped by Seagram Distillers Co., which sponsors tournaments and pays him a consultant's fees.

The game itself is deceptively simple. Each player arranges 15 checker-like counters on four of the 24 trian-

a-point games can sometimes drop \$10,000 in an evening.

The prospects of winning such huge amounts are luring a growing number of professional players into the game. Among them are several bridge champions such as Tobias Stone and Jacoby. There is also a young mathematics professor from New Jersey named Paul Magriel who makes calculations so quickly that his opponents have dubbed him "the Computer." In the past two years he has won over \$40,000 in tournament prizes—and far more in private games. The intrusion of these professional players into what before Obolensky's promotion was strictly a genteel, upper-crust diversion has proven upsetting to some members of the old-school backgammon establishment. "Gammon

DEREK BATES



LEWIS DEYONG & POLLY BERGEN PONDERING OVER BACKGAMMON BOARDS

gular "points" that line two opposite edges of the rectangular board. The players take turns moving their counters from point to point according to the throw of dice—white going one way, black the other. When a player has collected all of his counters on his "home" points, he can begin to "bear off" (remove his pieces); the first to remove all his pieces wins. He is awarded a single game, a double game ("gammon") or a triple game ("backgammon"), depending upon the position of his opponent's counters at the end of the game.

But there is also a provision that makes backgammon especially enticing to gamblers, so much so that playing without money takes the competitive edge off the game. At any stage, a player who feels he is likely to win can immediately double the stakes, leaving his opponent with two options: to concede immediately or to accept the double, and perhaps redouble later if his own position improves. Because there is no limit to the number of times the stakes can be doubled, losers of high \$200-

is supposed to be fun," says Lewis Deyong, a London businessman who is one of the world's top-ranked players. "But with all these bridge types in the game it has become kind of a war of nerves." One common complaint is that the bridge players take too long to make their moves in what is supposed to be a fast and lively game.

But the war of nerves is not the only thing backgammon buffs have to watch out for. There is also a new breed of hustler lurking: the backgammon shark. Charming and sociable, sharp-minded and able to drink heavily without impairing their skills, they haunt the fashionable resorts and hope to get into a game with a wealthy pigeon like the notorious European buff who has reputedly dropped \$500,000 or so in the past three years at the backgammon board. "You can make \$1,000 to \$1,500 a week by playing these people," says one hustler who tries to remain anonymous to keep out of trouble with the Internal Revenue Service. "Your real problems develop when you try to figure some

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way to make a tax return. I have no legitimate job. All I do is play backgammon. What do you declare?"

Most of the pigeons, of course, are wealthy enough to take their losses in stride. Indeed, says another hustler, one of the rules of the trade is "never take money from people who cannot afford it. That can give the game a bad name."

Old Man and the Sea

*I must go down to the seas again,
For the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call
That may not be denied.*

—Sea-Fever, John Masefield

When does a pastime become a life-sustaining passion? For Yachtsman Cornelius ("Kees") Bruynzeel, a Dutch timber tycoon, it began when he set his first sail at age five. Now, at 73, Bruynzeel still has an acute case of sea fever. But it is tempered by a serious heart condition. Nonetheless, he was determined to enter this year's prestigious Capetown-to-Rio yacht race if it killed him. The 3,500-mile ocean grind might do exactly that. Bruynzeel's doctors warned; they ordered him to remain on the dock. He refused, explaining that a bracing sea voyage "is better for my health than sitting around thinking about it."

Like any good skipper, Bruynzeel prepared his 53-ft. ketch *Stormy* for every contingency. Unable to pack an intensive-cardiac-care unit on board because it was too heavy, he did the next best thing by adding Nurse Diana Goodliffe, 33, to the crew. A member of Dr. Christiaan Barnard's heart-transplant team, she came prepared with equipment like an oscilloscope to check the pattern of Bruynzeel's heartbeat and

the culinary qualifications to serve as ship's cook. Once at sea, says Bruynzeel, "Diana never forgot to give me my pills six times a day." Each evening, he never forgot to take a belt of Scotch before retiring. Though Bruynzeel denies published reports that he stowed a weighted burial bag in the aft cabin, he had told his crew that in the event of his death, they should bury him at sea and continue the race.

It was hoped that the first of the 39 boats entered in the race would arrive last week and receive a grand welcome from the 200,000 or more sunbathers who crowd Rio's Ipanema and Copacabana beaches on Sunday afternoons. Instead, 100 late diners at the Rio de Janeiro Yacht Club were startled when the first boat arrived at the yacht-club dock unannounced shortly before midnight Saturday with a new record time of 21 days 12 hr. Even more remarkable was the fact that the winner was *Stormy*, piloted across the finish line by the old man of the sea himself.

"We were extremely lucky," said Bruynzeel afterward. He had gambled by piloting *Stormy* on a longer northerly route, hoping to make better time by picking up more favorable trade winds. It proved a providential tactic; the heavily favored *Ondine*, skippered by U.S. Ship Broker Sumner ("Huey") Long, took the shorter southern route, and was so repeatedly becalmed that she had to drop out of the race.

Why had Bruynzeel defied doctors' orders? "Nobody can order me around after I set my mind on something," he said. Announcing that he is going to sail off to a new home he is building on the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean, the jaunty little skipper looked more tanned and fit than when he had left Capetown. The race, he confided, was "a cure in itself."



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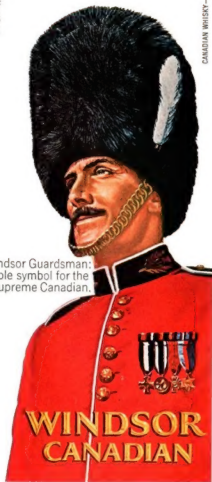


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Different independent TV servicemen, selected by Opinion Research, were brought in each day to readjust the sets after they were rotated.

These servicemen, who monitored the performance of all sets continually, had authority to replace components or make any alteration necessary to maintain all sets at peak performance.

By the end of the test, 2,707 people, representing every state in the nation, had voted. As shown in the table, Zenith was picked by more than 2 to 1 over the next best brand.

See the difference for yourself at your Zenith dealer's.

We want to hear from you

We're proud of our record of building dependable, quality products.

But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you would like additional details of our "best picture" test—we want to hear from you. Write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60639. We'll give your request our personal attention.

At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.®

Which color TV has the best picture?	
Zenith	50.1%
2nd best brand	21.1%
3rd best brand	8.8%
4th best brand	8.5%
5th best brand	5.8%
6th best brand	5.7%
Percent of Ballots	

largest-selling brands in the United States.

The test was set up in the lobby of America's largest hotel, the Conrad



Simulated TV picture

ZENITH SUPERCHROMACOLOR®